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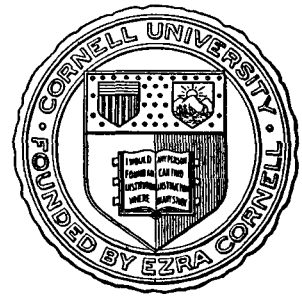

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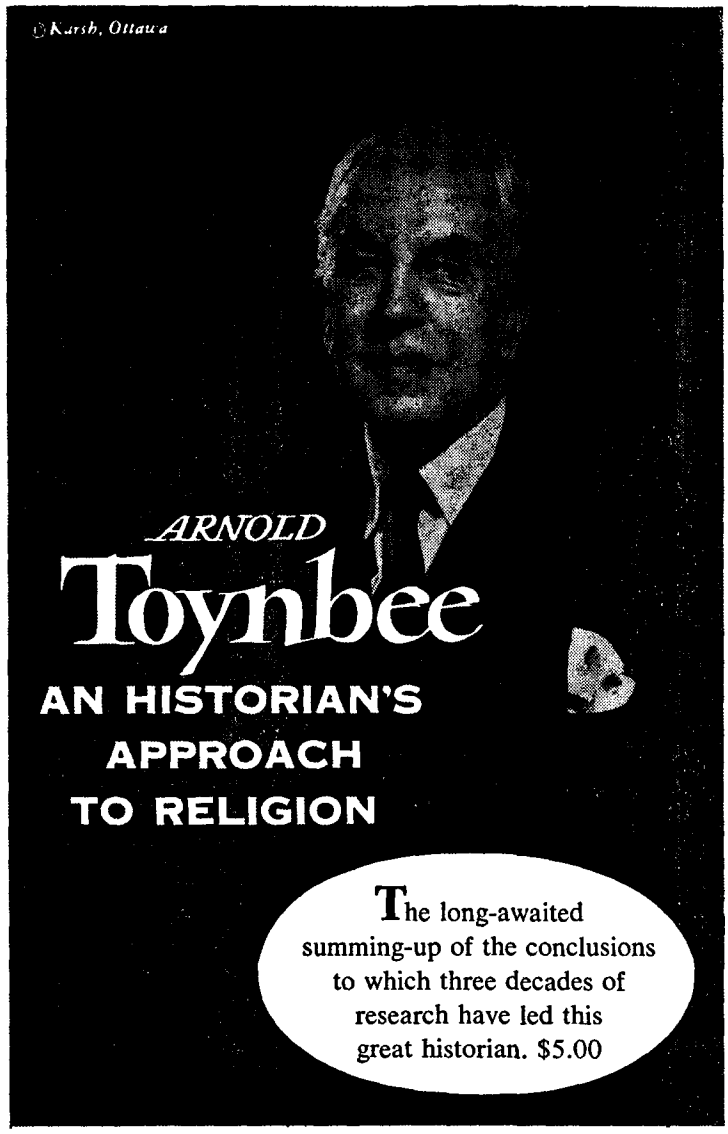

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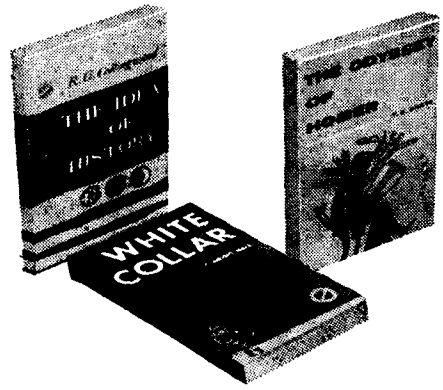

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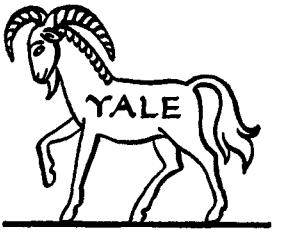

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THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

VOLUME 25 *Autumn, 1956* NUMBER 4

Our Documentary Culture

MARGARET MEAD

ONE OF THE FAMILIAR EXPERIENCES of any field worker is the combined rejection and acceptance of frequently repeated clichés—the simultaneous recognition that what people are saying does not make sense as it stands, but nevertheless does make sense, slightly transposed. Almost automatically one finds oneself pigeon-holing phrase after phrase under a little label marked "hold for further clarification," as when people say that a large house is too small or a small house too large, that a silent wife is too talkative, that a short distance is a long one, that a prolific writer has never published anything. They are quite obviously not saying what they seem to be saying, and quite as obviously are trying to say something. The clues which convince us are the lack of correspondence with reality, on the one hand, and a kind of monotony, on the other, as the phrases recur, dully, inappropriately, like a pulse beat which should be below the level of consciousness but is not.

It is within such a context that I have come, during the last year, to place the statement that today's youth is characterized by something called "conformity"—a condemnatory phrase originating among intellectuals in their late forties or older, which is replacing yesterday's cliché that youth was looking only for "security." To

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anyone who has paid reasonable attention during the last thirty years, this statement is untrue at the simple, descriptive level. There is today less blind, unquestioning acceptance of class or regional standards, more sense of choice and planning among styles of work and styles of life, more upstanding resistance to parental expectations that each generation should transcend the social level of the last, more willingness to reject values which were unquestioned in the last generation—such as the evident desirability of a college education—than there was twenty-five years ago. Young people pick and choose their way in a maze which extends from Saudi Arabia to Japan, in which consumption values are balanced against achievement values with clarity and information. Whether to enter the services first or later, when to marry and when to have a first baby, whether to work for a big company or a small one, whether or not to try for a stint overseas, whether to live in the same suburb with the other men in the office or in a different one—these are all articulate choices. Planning and selection have replaced unquestioning acceptance of parental values or the equally unquestioning counteracceptance which led a certain portion of each college generation to become doctrinaire freethinkers, radicals, pacifists, two generations ago.

Yet the phrase is repeated too often and is responded to with too much anxiety by the harried young, who have replaced their 1940 response to their elders' condemnation, "*Ought* one to have a conscience?" with the question, "Are we *too* conforming?" The disappointed and nostalgic middle-aged intellectuals are talking about something. But what?

I think the answer lies not in any conformity itself, which is less rather than greater, but in the quality of such conformity as there is. It is not that more young men who aspire to be junior executives consider what ties they shall wear—a time-honored piece of behavior on the part of those who wish to succeed in business—but that they are more conscious that as they do or do not wear a given tie they are dressing more or less in accordance with a possible career line. Similarly, the young people—or the middle-aged, for that matter—who hesitate to sign petitions on behalf of apparently good causes headed by names that have been associated with many,

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possibly too many, good causes, do not hesitate out of a simple conformity to the majority opinion around them but out of a sophisticated knowledge of how such petitions have been and may again be used. As willing as ever to die for a good cause, if necessary, they are far less willing to lose a chance to work overseas in a UN agency because they have uncritically let some slogan and the pressuring of some overeager roommate get their name into carefully plotted bad company. Granted that the consequences of the United Front —and the prefigurative consequences of the next United Front— have crippled our use of some of our more cherished institutions, it does no good to belabor youth who have discovered the petitions can become not a means to attain good social ends but a means for compromising and immobilizing the generous and the uncritical liberal. Only those who equate lack of political sophistication with goodness—probably a safe criterion for value in those over sixty— can regard as conformity the refusal to put one's name on an open-ended list.

Ours has always been a culture within which one staked out membership in a given group from the outside in. Clothes and manners came before more tangible signs of membership: peasant girls from the Carpathians wore high-heeled shoes before they knew a dozen words of English; the rebellious daughters of clergymen bobbed their hair before, not after, they read their first articles in Freudian psychology. Through our lighted, uncurtained windows opening on our hedgeless lawns, we have invited the passing world to see the outward and visible signs of some newly acquired social grace, political stance or psychological sensitivity—whether these are symbols of acceptance of America, the city or a new class position, or whether they are symbols of rebellion against such majority choices. Unlike people in older societies, to whose behavior it would be mere nonsense to attach the term "conformity," because the word itself implies some consciousness, some choice of nonconformity, Americans for the most part have always acted with a slight degree of self-consciousness. For every enclave in which choice was not yet known—whether it was the sterile, embittered gentility limited to a family line within which unmarried sons and daughters withered in the old house they could neither leave

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nor support, or the pitiful ignorance of any alternative possibility which, as late as the beginning of World War II, made the sons of miners into miners in remote Pennsylvania towns and tied the children of sharecroppers to cotton or tobacco, hookworm and despair —such helpless and unconscious conformity has been felt to be un-American and has been given perhaps a disproportionate place in our national literature for just that reason. But, in general, Americans are people who were able to break the rules of the Old World and were willing to learn the rules of the New, to learn new manners out of a book as easily as new rules for baking a cake or cutting out a dress. True, the new rules tend to be observed with the obsessive insistence of new converts. And one hears, with both amusement and understanding, the passionate rebellion of the daughter of a successful peasant, now residing in a middle-class suburb and going to a good college, who rages against the "bleak conformity" of American life as compared with the magnificent diversity and assumed freedom of the individual existing in a Europe she has never seen and would be unable to tolerate for twenty-four hours were she to participate in that life from the inside instead of admiring the changing regional styles in architecture—and faces—as depicted in cinema travelogues.

If this has been so, if American culture has always been stamped with the self-conscious conformity of the convert, the immigrant, the learning of adulthood rather than the automatic acceptance of childhood, what increase in self-consciousness can be invoked to explain the present trend which so revolts our systematically and recurrently revolted critics of the American scene? Any attempt to assay what is happening is bound to be over-selective, to miss some of the important threads in the pattern—if only because David Riesman or Holly Whyte may have done them recent justice or injustice. But I would tentatively suggest as one explanation the growth of the "documentary" approach.

In using the term "documentary," I risk offending one of the values of the late 1930's, when the documentary film was seen as a medium of social truth which would free us from the sham fictions of Hollywood. It is true that a great deal of fire and imagination and vivid social criticism went into the documentary movement;

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yet, despite the difference in position, it remained, I believe, in essence the same approach as that of *Life* magazine—a compromise between actuality and art in which a new order of irreality was introduced. The documentary, as I use the term here, includes a film, a set of still pictures, a reportorial article, a "life history," and any contrived and constructed attempt to replicate some aspect of life in which the actors or characters are taken from real life. The farmer in the film is a farmer, the miner is a miner, and the miner's children are the children of *that* miner; but now they are posed in attitudes, perhaps once their own, mimicked or distorted for the occasion by producer, photographer or reporter. Sometimes, of course, there is even more distortion; one real actor is introduced for the most difficult part or, as those with easily titillated minds whispered, the members of the "little family" in *Chang* were unrelated to each other. But the point against the documentary can be made clearly enough even when the most exacting rules are observed, when the actors are all taken not from those trained to the theater but from those who live the scene which is being portrayed, or when—as in all but one of *Ten Soviet Portraits*—every word the types speak is taken from an interview, and nothing is fabricated except the coincidence of scattered verbatim texts in the mouth of a single type mouthpiece.

The novel, the short story, the drama create life through the disciplined imagination of the artist, committed both to his form and to an artistic truth which must not be—like life—stranger than fiction; and today photography, both still and moving, makes possible a record of actuality more meticulously, immediately and fleetingly accurate than art would wish to be. The documentary falls in between. The men and women are "real," they are who they are said to be, ennobled by no art or artifice; but the postures they take are attitudes imposed upon them not by a Stanislavsky, but by the script which has been agreed upon by a magazine staff working on a story line, or by a group of people with a message about technical change, man's exploitation of man or—for these are equally documentaries—the invigorating effect of the free enterprise system. When the aim is social criticism, the film maker seeks out the type case of overt misery; when it is social self-glorification, the kitchen

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sparkles as only an American kitchen can. And the "characters" move stiffly—posed, pushed, retaken, robbed of spontaneity, without skill—through their lines.

In most of the human civilizations of which we have any proper record, youth has drawn either on art or on life for models, planning to emulate the heroes depicted in epics, on the shadow-play screen or the stage, or those known human beings, fathers or grandfathers, chiefs or craftsmen, whose every characteristic can be studied and imitated. As recently as 1910, this was the prevailing condition in the United States. If he came from a nonliterate background, the recent immigrant learned to speak, move and think like an American by using his eyes and ears on the labor line, in the homes of more acculturated cousins, by watching the other school children, or by absorbing the standards of the teacher, the foreman, the clerk who served him in the store. For the literate and the literate children of the nonliterate, there was art—the story of the frustrated artist in the prairie town, of the second generation battling with the limitations of the first. And, at a simpler level, there were the Western and Hollywood fairy tales which pointed a moral but did not, as a rule, teach table manners.

With the development of the countermovement against Hollywood, with the efflorescence of photography, with *Time-Life-Fortune* types of reporting and the dead-pan *New Yorker* manner of describing the life of an old-clothes dealer in some forgotten street or of presenting the "accurate," "checked" details of the lives of people whose eminence gave at least a sort of license to attack them, with the passion for "human documents" in Depression days—a necessary substitute for proletarian art among middle-class writers who knew nothing about proletarians and middle-class readers who needed the shock of verisimilitude—a new era in American life was ushered in, the era in which young people imitated neither life nor art nor fairy tale, but instead were presented with models drawn from life with minimal but crucial distortions. Doctored life-histories, posed carelessness, "candid" shots of people in their own homes which took hours to arrange, pictures shot from real life to scripts written months before—supplemented by national polls and surveys which assured the reader that this bobby-soxer did indeed

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represent a national norm or a growing trend—replaced the older models.

With the speed of modern life, it is difficult for art to keep up, and American young people are impatient of settings in which the traditions of a forgotten way of life or even the fashions of yesterday make the characters unreal. The simpler fairy tales of popular art, the Cinderella theme, the Horatio Alger stories, have been skitted too often to serve. So today's adolescents turn to the weekly picture magazines, to the documentary films, to the real life stories of public men and women, trying to model their career lines after people whom they do not know personally but whom they have been led to believe they may come to know through pictures, through "verbatim" interviews, through broadcasts and telecasts. Uninformed by the imagination or the disciplined skill of the artist or writer and unillumined by the point-for-point correspondence with actuality of the genuinely unposed picture, these stereotyped, semiposed, semidoctored accounts come to have the quality of a cliché. The postures, the clothes, the accents used by the young people—who like young people everywhere are and must be looking for models—ring hollow and sound off-key to the adult spectators, especially to the fastidiously literate spectator who despises television, listens only to music over the radio, and has never learned to care for the picture magazine or science fiction, although, of course, there is Ray Bradbury. The echo of a partially contrived sound is there and, coming as it does from a world with whose values the critics are largely unfamiliar, it is only thin echoes that they hear as they exclaim over the increase in conformity.

This increase in self-conscious reflexive response to partly accurate, partly contrived pictures of what young executives, career girls, Americans overseas or exurbanites do, think, say, feel, what they read, eat, wear and believe, may indeed have lamentable consequences, although they are not the consequences which are immediately prophesied by the critics.

Perhaps the most serious possibility is in the absence of any ideal beyond the imputed norm of behavior for one's own class, age, sex and level of education, or the imputed norm for the class into which one wishes to move. There has always been in the United States a

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curious paradox between the belief in a world in which any man could be President and the actual narrow range of competition in which most people compete only with those very close to them, with brothers rather than with fathers and uncles, and very seldom hope to get out of their own league. As the Cinderella story and the Horatio Alger myth are repudiated and the fictionalized hero is replaced by a creature constructed from a market survey and illustrated by a photograph, there comes to be a corresponding narrowing of ambition and a shortage of imaginative models for change. As long as one can check one's knowledge of foreign events, preference in books, church attendance and satisfaction in marriage on a scale and can find oneself in the upper percentiles, there is a theoretical satisfaction, although in actuality it is dust and ashes. Americans who grew up believing you should hitch your wagon to a star, or even those who were reared by people who courted such a belief, find the rope slackening in their hands even while statistics, posed photographs and rating scales show them to be successful, contented and well adjusted.

Television seemed to be a medium which would defeat this predigesting of models. Perhaps it is for this reason that there has been such rabid and critical fury over any broadcast in which a public relations firm is believed to have arranged the setting or to have inserted homey remarks about dogs. Yet, television is the closest we have come to actuality since politicians stumped the country and could be seen closely. The possibility of a genuine break-through from the documentary to the actual is there and may —no one is quite sure yet—again be betrayed. But the fact that it can be as much betrayed by a cameraman who seems to be on one's own side as by a public relations firm which is known to be on the other, has, as yet, hardly been taken into account. Television is still not the proper concern of most intellectuals, who now can find reasons for preferring the once despised radio broadcast. Yet, it may well be that if we are to return to a world in which character is dignified by art, it will be by way of a medium in which it is impossible to lie face to face. Successful fiction like *Death of a Salesman*, *The Caine Mutiny*, *The Blackboard Jungle* or *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit* reflect the middle world of the documentary, and myth re-

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places character. The themes, handled by writer and producer in print, film and on the stage, remain the same as the "heroes" and "heroines" shift and change in a way that would not be possible with the novel of character. Like all myths, the theme overshadows those who embody it, just as in the weekly picture magazine or in the picture of "Miss Subway" the careful detail of name and address serves to emphasize that each picture is a synthetic type made out of a real person.

It may also be suggested that this reflexive state in which we live is a kind of stepchild of some of the most important developments of the last quarter-century—of increased awareness of ourselves as individuals with a partly forgotten past, as members of a culture many of whose values are unformulated but nonetheless real. It would be easy to blame our present state on an exaggerated self-consciousness which has destroyed both innocence and spontaneity. But it may also be blamed upon those who have used the tools which have been developed by the therapist, the teacher and the research scholar as implements of manipulation within a system which they despised and hated, often quite unfairly, but from which they continued to draw a livelihood. The frustrated novelist who sells his soul to an advertising agency or a public relations firm, the frustrated liberal who condones the use of sensational sex stories to sell a politically liberal newspaper, the cynical reformer who thinks the only way to get members of Congress to do a good deed is to offer them bad rationalizations—these are among the people who, out of disillusion, self-contempt, and contempt for their employers and their audiences, have helped to construct this world of semitruths and manipulated backgrounds and faked shadows within which young people find the images on which to model their lives—and so seem to their elders to be "conforming."

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Indian Summer

DOROTHY LEE RICHARDSON

I thought I had heard winter in the wood
Creeping about and shaking down the leaves,
And seen the birds fly south from where he stood.
I told myself, "The fading season grieves
Even as grieves to slow your slowing blood."

But that same night some wizard touched the world
And sealed the dripping gold upon the tree,
And warmed the frozen fern till it uncurled,
And warmed the shut red flower inside of me
Until it pulsed and trembled and unfurled.

So now each grass-blade wears such malachite
As I had never had an inkling of,
And every man who strides across my sight
Might be Adonis looking for his dove;
Looking for me, his deathless dear delight—
A goddess who will never cease to love.

✪ DOROTHY LEE RICHARDSON is the wife of an Episcopal missionary to the Philippines. This fall, after entering the youngest of her three children in college, Mrs. Richardson returns to Mindanao to her life and home with the Firurai people. Her poems have been published in a variety of American magazines and newspapers.

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The Meaning of Bandung

SAUNDERS REDDING

WHEN THE PRESENT CENTURY was just two years old, a young scholar, brooding over the problem that was to occupy him the rest of his long life, wrote, "The problem of the twentieth century is the problem of the color line." No doubt many who read that sentence thought that it referred generally to America and specifically to the South. But W. E. B. DuBois' mind, well stocked with knowledge and sharpened by insight, moved in a much wider compass. In two years of foreign study and travel he had talked with South African and Indian colonials in England, and with African tribal chiefs in France and Belgium; and while he was a student in Germany one of his warmest acquaintances was an Asiatic "refugee" from the Straits Settlements. Already, too, DuBois was dreaming of an organization that would unite all the colored peoples of the world. Such an organization came into being in April, 1955, in an Indonesian city named Bandung, of which few people of the West were aware until then.

But there was another matter of which most Westerners were and even now are not aware, or—even more disturbing—pretend not to be aware. The delegates to the conference at Bandung were there because of a conviction that *the problem of the twentieth century is the problem of the color line.** Although the American press alone sent seventy reporters (jocosely described as "the largest delegation to Bandung") and the British press, including Canada and Australia, sent thirty, no American and no British newspaper easily available on this continent gave this conviction the preponderant

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* All italics in the article are the author's.

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weight it had in the thinking at Bandung. The *Christian Science Monitor* did remark that "the West is excluded. Emphasis is on the colored nations of the world." But this is not quite the same as saying, as it might in truth have done, that emphasis is on the color problem in the world, and that it was this that made the Asian-African Conference "perhaps the greatest historic event of our century." Of the half-dozen or so book-length essays about the Bandung Conference, only the one by Richard Wright gave due weight to the central truth—and that book has been largely ignored.

What Western newspapers did not neglect to emphasize was the diversity of those gathered. And, indeed, there were great and basic differences. The twenty-eight nations nominally comprised four orientation blocs—neutralism, communism, socialism and democracy—and if the great divisive factor in the world is differences in ideology, as the West claims, then the Bandung Conference should not have been held at all. Surely, too, the jingo nationalism plangent in all the countries arching over the Indian Ocean from the Tasman Sea to the South Atlantic increased the divisive potential.

And as great as were the differences of a political kind, the diversities of a cultural and historical kind were greater. They ran the scale from animal worship to ancestor worship; from polygamy to polyandry; from practical classlessness to theoretically rigid caste; from industrial competence to agrarian stagnation. Indonesia has nearly the highest illiteracy rate in the world; Japan, the lowest. The people of Africa speak a hundred different dialects. The people of India speak a dozen different mother tongues and passionately resist the idea that Hindi should be the tongue of all. The language problem was so pervasive at Bandung that English, which is not the language of any of them, was made the official language. In India there is a militant resurgence of orthodox Hinduism. Egypt, Iran, Iraq, Saudi Arabia and Syria are Muslim, and Pakistan was established as an Islamic theocracy. In Nkrumah, the Gold Coast has a leader who relies heavily on the methods of fascism. There were two Vietnams at Bandung, represented by the same ethnic strain, but one is Communist and the other is not. In short, the Asian-African nations that met at Bandung seemed to be, as the London *Times* said, an assemblage of "self-irritants."

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The London *Times* spoke the West's conscience, the West's fear, the West's hope. It is a conscience made painfully tender by the recognition of the jinni that six hundred years of cant and incantation have at last conjured up. It is a fear aroused by the reflected knowledge of that jinni's potential for evil. "The first international conference of colored peoples in the history of mankind," President Sukarno called it—and so it was, representing more than half the population of the earth, an awesome thing to contemplate. In *Cry, the Beloved Country,* Msimangu, a native, says, the "great fear is that when they are turned to loving we shall be turned to hating." It is a fear that it is hard to live with, and it was therefore quite in the nature of things that the Western press should reflect less of the truth that aroused that fear and more of the delusions that sustained hope. Certain Western spokesmen reacted quite normally by pumping out propaganda designed to make the Asian-African Conference appear something other than it was—the organization of a new bloc, perhaps a new power bloc, that had been forming in the world for a quarter of a century.

Even before the delegates could assemble, their intentions were variously misconceived and misinterpreted. The New York *Times* said that the mission of the Conference was "to see that peace would prevail in the world." Like other sober-minded people, the delegates doubtless did want peace to prevail, but as a matter of cold fact this was the least and last of the intentions set forth in the official invitation. The first intention was "to promote goodwill and cooperation *among the nations of Asia and Africa*; to explore and advance *their* mutual as well as common interests." The second was "to consider social, economic and cultural problems and relations of the *countries represented.*" The third intention was "to consider problems of *special interest to Asian and African peoples,* for example, problems . . . *of racialism and colonialism.*" The fourth was "to view the position of Asia and Africa and *their peoples* in the world today." And finally, almost an appendix not really necessary to complete the text, was the intention "to view the contribution they can make to the promotion of world peace and cooperation."

Although the New York *Times* thought that world peace was

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the mission of the Conference, its chief on-the-spot correspondent, Tillman Durdin, took care to remark, "Rivalries, cross-currents and animosities abound . . . at Bandung," and, inferentially because of them, "Bandung seems to promise very limited achievements." Many influential metropolitan dailies—the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*—suspected some ulterior Communist motive cooked up by Chou En-lai and naïvely abetted by Nehru, who was suddenly—in the pages of the American press—"peevish" and "unpredictable," and altogether something less than the "friendly, decisive and pro-Western" figure he had been before. While there was much talk to the effect that Nehru and Chou would influence the Conference to promote their Five Principles of Peaceful Coexistence—principles, it was widely hinted, which were somehow Machiavellian—there was on the other hand a rainfall of predictions that the Conference would resolve into a struggle between Nehru and Chou for dominance among the colored peoples of the world: *Time* took this view, and so did *U. S. News and World Report*.

On April 20, the New York *Times* printed excerpts from the Conference's opening speeches, and the next day various sectors of the American press followed its lead. The excerpts were carefully selected for their anti-Communist slant, and the *Times* commented editorially: "The Bandung conference . . . attended by some of the major participants for the purpose of indicting the West for its *alleged* 'colonialism, racism and imperialism,' has started with a dramatic turnabout which dispels any notion that Asia and Africa speak with one voice." The exculpating "alleged" is a Swiftian stroke that deserves remarking, but it is more important in the present context to point out that the excerpted speeches plainly misrepresent the truth, while the editorial itself is just as plainly a misinterpretation of fact. Reading in full those opening speeches, one is thunderously impressed that all of them laid primary emotional and intellectual emphasis upon the West's racism and colonialism. And why not? This and their hatch of attendant evils—poverty, ignorance, personal indignity—had brought the delegates together in the first place.

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President Sukarno of Indonesia bore down heavily on this theme: "My heart is filled with emotion. This is the first international conference of colored peoples in the history of mankind. . . . All of us are united by more important things than those which superficially divide us. We are united by a common detestation of colonialism. . . . We are united by a common detestation of racialism." He quoted, with some bitterness, "the saying of a diplomat from abroad. 'We [of the West] will turn this Asian-African Conference into an afternoon tea party.' " Chou's main speech echoed Sukarno's emphasis, but what the American press chose to quote was from his supplementary remarks, remarks which were a defense of Red China.

Even the speeches of Sir John Kotelawala of Ceylon, and Carlos P. Romulo of the Philippines, both widely trumpeted in the Western press as "putting blame where blame belonged" (on communism), were abstracted to avoid mention of the blame they also put on racialism and colonialism. Romulo was especially eloquent, if repetitious: "I have said that besides the issues of colonialism and political freedom, all of us here are concerned with the matter of racial equality. This is a *touchstone*, I think, for most of us assembled here are the people we represent. . . . We have known . . . the searing experience of being demeaned in our own lands, of being systematically relegated to subject status not only politically and economically and militarily—but racially as well. Here was a stigma! . . . To bolster his rule, to justify his own power to himself, the Western white man assumed that his superiority lay in his genes, in the color of his skin. . . . I think that over the generations the deepest source of our own confidence in ourselves had to come from the deeply rooted knowledge that the white man was wrong, that in proclaiming the superiority of his race, qua race, he stamped himself with his own weakness and confirmed all the rest of us in our dogged conviction that we could and would reassert ourselves as men. . . ."

And there was more, much more, but practically none of it was printed in the Western press.

Perhaps it was the knowledge (known to the press but kept from

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the Western public) of the underscoring of this theme that led the *Times* to remark editorially, "There was—and there still is—the possibility that some of the delegates would be so busy flogging a dead horse that they would not see a live tiger." The live tiger, of course, was communism. Although Kotelawala, Romulo, Iraq's Mohammed al-Jamali and Pakistan's Mohammed Ali all pitched into him with zealous wrath, the tiger was much more alive in the Western press than at Bandung. Chou, indeed, was as mild as May. A nonwhite correspondent reported, "Communism at Bandung was conspicuous for its shyness, its coyness, its bland smile and glad hand for everyone. Chou En-lai . . . moved among the delegates . . . listening to all arguments with patience, and turning the other cheek when receiving ideological slaps."

Meanwhile, however, Western voices had sounded off ominously about a Red China build-up for a strike at Matsu, Quemoy and Formosa. Admiral Robert B. Carney, CNO, had been quoted in the Manchester *Guardian*, the Paris edition of the *Herald-Tribune*, *Le Monde*, and in the New York *Times*: "They [the Chinese Reds] probably will initiate the attack on Matsu in mid-April. The significance of the timing is that it would tie in with the Afro-Asian conference in Bandung."

On the day the Conference opened, Secretary Dulles reported to President Eisenhower "a greatly intensified build-up of offensive air power by the Chinese Reds opposite Formosa." Naturally disturbed by this information, the President, speaking as if in an aside to Bandung, expressed his fear that "peace is now in grave jeopardy" and reminded the Asian-African leaders that they had "an opportunity, at a critical hour, to voice the peaceful aspirations of the peoples of the world. . . . Such an influence, if it prevailed, would open a new era of social and economic development for the Asian-African peoples." But this was not all. The distinguished American journalist Felix Belair reported that the President was "redesigning" the aid bill for Asia so as "to lure friends for the United States" at the Bandung Conference.

On April 23, the day before the Conference closed, the West's final appraisals began. "Official Washington has recovered from

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its apprehensions over the Asian-African conference at Bandung. The meeting is being assessed as a useful exercise in international relations, rather than as a disaster for the West, which many senior officials feared it would be. In an open contest for the good opinion of millions . . . Communist China and neutral India have so far failed to dominate the proceedings." And as if to round out the record of the West's exculpations and misinterpretations of the ultimate meaning of Bandung, the New York *Times* said, on April 24: "The choice of participants seemed arbitrary at some points. It was supposed to be largely geographic in its delineation. But even this delineation was not exact. It was Asian and African but was not inclusive in respect to either continent."

And, of course, the choice of participants *was* arbitrary, but it was not arrived at through caprice. South Africa was not invited. Australia complained that she should have been invited. Why these countries were excluded becomes clear immediately one understands the basis of choice.

The basis was race. This was the fact that the Western press, reacting for the Western public, wished neither to see nor to permit itself to believe. It is not an easy thing to contemplate. It is the thing that caused Western "apprehensions over the Asian-African conference," the thing that wore the look of "disaster for the West." The unity of the colored peoples of the world is a new fact and a great change. Though it has been coming for fifty years—but with accelerated pace only in the last twenty-five—the change has come before the West has had time to change to meet it. So it presents itself in terrible aspect, wearing a face recognizable in the mirror of the Western conscience—the face of racism. Hoping to exorcise by adjuration, by denunciation and by threat, Westerners turned away. But not before a premonitory moment of reality had permitted a hasty glimpse or two.

On January 1, 1955, the Toronto *Globe and Mail* noted pointedly, "What is significant about the call to Bandung is that the common plight of Asians and Africans has been recognized and proclaimed—in Asia." And on the very day this appeared, *Newsweek*

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let out a yawp of alarm. After quoting Kaiser Wilhelm II's ominous, forty-two-year-old words—"Everybody knows what must come to pass between Asia and the West, the yellow and the white. . . . All the world understands that the gravest crisis in the destiny of the earth's population is at hand"—*Newsweek* went on to say that Wilhelm was "right in foreseeing a crisis that now threatens in a more virulent form than he envisaged—an Afro-Asian combination turned . . . against the West."

But if neither the turning away nor the fear that caused it need have been, certainly the denunciations and the veiled threats should not have been. The fact that they were, sharpened the charges ("Washington feared and tried successively to condemn, ignore and sabotage the conference") made at Bandung and repeated throughout the Afro-Asian world. Never did a more ironic situation develop than the one in which U. S. Congressman Adam C. Powell, accredited as a correspondent, felt impelled to deny this blanket charge while admitting in the very next breath that Thurston B. Morton, Assistant Secretary of State, had cabled him denying that "the relationship [of the U. S. Government] to the Bandung Conference would warrant" a message of greeting and friendship. A message of a kind had already gone out, but it was the wrong kind, and no one at Bandung missed the careful timing and the purpose of announcing two billions in aid to Asia. If our government's relationship to Bandung did not warrant a friendly greeting, then the purpose of the announcement was not only very clear but very nasty: at worst it was bad faith; at best, bad manners. America's intellectual and emotional wires were crossed, and she might have succeeded in short-circuiting into existence the very racism she fears. This fear is in part—and perhaps in greater part—a projection of the West's own conscience, although the point should not be labored here. What should be is that if an Afro-Asian combination threatens the West, America can do much to reduce the threat.

The time has only recently passed when American statesmen and world statesmen had to think first and solely of their own national self-interest. We went to Yalta and to Potsdam with this in mind: we would have been criminally foolish had we not. A quick

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succession of French premiers pledged themselves not to the saving of Europe, but to the saving of France. Churchill's "I did not become His Majesty's Prime Minister in order to preside over the dissolution of the British Empire" still reverberated against the mountain peaks of the world. In this clear and dangerous time, America posed herself a simple question: What do we want in Europe? The answer was relatively easy to come by, for most of Europe seemed to want what we wanted and what, without much searching of the soul, (indeed, we believed, in order to save our soul) we could help her have. Europe wanted financial aid. She wanted to rebuild her industries, to restore her economy, and to reassume her dignity as a congeries of independent nations. She wanted, or thought she wanted and said she wanted—and we certainly wanted it for ourselves and for her—security against the creeping, evil power of international communism, which she and we had every right to fear. These were relatively simple matters, and America went about the business of accomplishing them with relative simplicity. She could do this with uncomplicated directness—and almost wholly on the strength of her national wealth—because she was dealing with peoples who did not have to prove anything, except their loyalty to democracy; with people who were known, who shared the same Greco-Roman cultural heritage, the same material outlook, the same aspirations and fears.

But America—and the West—should have known in April, 1955, that the same question could not even be asked in regard to Afro-Asia. The peoples there suspected that it had already been asked too often, and once more would be too much. Nosing around the periphery of the Middle East or being perceptive about France's unlearned lessons in Indochina and Algeria, Britain's in Iraq, or Spain's in Goa should have taught that. There must be a new question, and though the answers to it will be as simple in their humanistic terms as the answers in Europe were in their materialistic terms, they will be much harder to apply by a people—the Western people—who for close to seven hundred years have established policies of international behavior on the assumption that the probation of races is over and done and, as W. E. B. DuBois pointed out,

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"that the backward races of today . . . are not worth saving." The assumption must erode quickly if the new question is to be understood and its new answers applied, and if a new and dangerous racism—a potential at Bandung—is not to come into being. "The reality of race was there," says Richard Wright, "swollen, sensitive, turbulent." But its meaning was not racism—then. Its meaning was that race-nationalism was the unifying principle, the cohesive element. Its meaning was that Bandung created and confronted the West with the most important reality in twenty-five years of time just passed—and with a new question: What do the Afro-Asian peoples want?

And the answers were also at Bandung, on the tongues of men representing more than half the population of the earth. Yield us our true self-consciousness as men, the Afro-Asian peoples said. We want to be co-workers in the kingdom of culture. We want economic aid, surely, and a share of the world's resources. But most of all and first of all, we want the acknowledgment of our human equality.

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The Found Generation

DAVID RIESMAN

IT IS NOT EASY TO SAY WHEN ONE GENERATION ends and another begins (as Karl Mannheim noted in his essay on "The Problem of the Generations"), for people are not produced in batches, as are pancakes, but are born continuously. And it is only in certain countries and in certain epochs that historical events, as unconsciously transmitted through parents to their children, lead to a generational gap rather than a smooth and silent succession—a gap across which the young cannot easily talk to the old who grew up in a different world. Obviously, moreover, even the most drastic changes fail to break the continuity in every family, and there will always be members of any current generation who resemble their ancestors more than they resemble their peers.

Still, we have certain conventions, as illustrated in silver weddings, twenty-fifth reunions—and twenty-fifth anniversaries of magazines, colleges and corporations; these make sure that people with a normal life span will have some occasions for an intellectual sabbatical or day of reflection. What for others, however, is a sabbatical occasion is for me, as a social scientist, a regular preoccupation with discontinuities in attitudes and values, both between "my" generation and its predecessors and successors. I have become a reader of college class-reports, which permit the comparison at least of college "generations" with their rapid turnover, as well as make it possible to follow shifts in the attitudes and career patterns of the same generation at five-year or ten-year intervals.

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This article is developed from an address presented to the Harvard Class of 1931 Symposium in Cambridge, June 11, 1956. It is based on research under way at the Center for the Study of Leisure at the University of Chicago (supported by a grant from the Behavioral Sciences Division of the Ford Foundation), and especially on memoranda prepared by Robin Jackson, research associate of the Center.

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To be sure, there are flaws in such a procedure, among them the fact that the regional and social-class base of a college does not remain constant: one might find great changes which said more about the "career" of the college—for instance, its loss of religious tone, or its wider geographic base—than about changes in the values of comparable individuals. We know, moreover, that not everyone responds to the appeals of the class secretary to get his report in; and if he does, he may respond in a very perfunctory way with little more data than "name, rank, and serial number"; the nonrespondents are very likely the less successful, but they may also include those who despise old-grad nostalgia and ceremonies.

If I put aside such misgivings, I can find a certain coherence of values uniting those who were graduated from the major Ivy League colleges between, say, 1920 and 1946. (I shall touch later upon certain differences.) Thus, in the Yale 1946 report, *Decade of Decision,* which has just appeared, one gets an impression of men who remember the Great Depression, who attended college in a wartime era of transition, and whose impetus and drive reflect these origins.[1] In contrast with this, however, it is at least arguable that the men just graduating, whose parents experienced the Depression but who were themselves growing up as the economy improved—men, moreover, many of whose parents, rigidly raised, shifted to a more permissive child-rearing—that these men would belong to a different psychological generation from any comparably large body of previous college graduates. While as a teacher I have had some impression that this may be the case, I have hesitated to trust my impression, since I know I am getting older while my students are not, and that I may not be free of old-grad nostalgia myself.

Thus, I was delighted when recently given the opportunity to study 183 *Time*-commissioned interviews of seniors in last year's graduating class—interviews asking the student respondent what he expected his life to be like in fifteen years, i.e., 1970.[2] Perhaps

[1] I owe to Professor Richard D. Schwartz of the Yale department of sociology, a member of this class and an author of its report, helpful comments concerning the nonrespondents. I am also indebted to my colleague Reuel Denney for discussion of Dartmouth class reports.

[2] *Time* wrote a letter to the deans of twenty colleges, including Harvard, Princeton, Notre Dame, Williams, Dartmouth, Georgia Tech, the Universities of Houston, Michigan and Wisconsin. They were asked to find a student, preferably a graduate student, who

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since so much of that life seemed to be concerned with hunting and fishing, golf, boating and puttering, *Time* turned the interviews over to our Center for the Study of Leisure at the University of Chicago. Our first reaction to the material—I speak here for myself and for Robin Jackson, who independently studied the interviews—was that it was too unreliable to take seriously. Nevertheless, a picture of the Class of 1955 emerged which was congruent with other data—a picture which contrasts sharply, I believe, with what would have been obtained from seniors in the same colleges twenty-five years ago.

Twenty-five years ago, of course, the Great Depression had been under way for two years, forcing many who were graduated then to drop plans for further training, others to take refuge in graduate school against the uninviting job-market. But it was not only the Depression that made students of the Class of 1931 feel uncertain about the future (in contrast to the relative certainty felt by college graduates today); it was ambition also. Many of us wanted to make our mark, and were not sure how high we would get. Our class had no floor under it, and by and large did not want a ceiling—indeed, in our generation a number of wellborn men whose floor seemed all too solid chose, in many different ways, to test their ability to live without a floor: they beachcombed (although not so drastically as George Orwell in *Down and Out in Paris and London*); or they became anthropologists, labor organizers or cold-water-flat artists and poets; and a number became that bright combination of adventure and responsibility, the foreign correspondent. Such men often wanted to lose the self they had inherited and, romantically, to create a new one out of whole cloth.

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would do ten interviews, and sent an illustrative interview with a Princeton senior. Regrettably, we do not know how the respondents (or, for that matter, the interviewers) were selected. In what they did, they followed a variety of forms or no form; thus, at Ohio State the interviewees tended to respond in terms of what the planet would be like in fifteen years (mostly science-fiction extrapolations) rather than of what they would be like. So, too, the interviews vary from long and searching ones at Stanford or Columbia to perfunctory paraphrase at some of the schools. There is a like difference between those colleges where the respondents appear to be talking "for the record," rather piously, and those where the discourse, or the report of it, seems more spontaneous. In each case, the interviewees declared themselves, after the interview was over, willing to let their names be used. I am greatly indebted to the promotion department of *Time* for making this material available.

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Most aspirations pursued by our class, and by classes of the same era at Princeton, Yale, Dartmouth and other colleges concerning which I have scraps of evidence, were more conventional: to make much money, to rise high in the government, to become a doctor, lawyer, merchant or chief. Since the first jobs we got were often makeshifts or didn't appear to lead anywhere, we changed jobs frequently. In a rough estimate, I would say that at least 40 per cent of us in the Class of 1931 have actually changed occupations at least once, not counting war service. There are, naturally, a great many exceptions: men who went into medicine were captured in all but a few cases by the severe system of rehazing and resocializing the student in the medical apprenticeship (but we should recognize that a man who has shifted from internal medicine and private practice to epidemiology and the Public Health Service has actually made a drastic shift of self-definition); men who went into their fathers' businesses and stayed there; men who are teaching school or practicing law or architecture without infidelity to their first love.

One reason so many of us shifted jobs was that we didn't know ourselves very well, and we knew the world even less well. As Charles McArthur of the Harvard Psychological Clinic has observed, many of the upper-middle-class boys at Harvard in the late 1930's did not know what they wanted to become but only where they wanted to land—up. The route had to be surveyed as they proceeded. Upper-class boys, in contrast, knew what they were expected to become—lawyers, bankers, trustees—but may have tired later of that inherited role and switched into something closer to their repressed desires.[3] In line with these findings, a number of us became critical of our values as we went along. I recall two friends who left Wall Street, where they were doing nicely, one to run a mattress factory for the unemployed, and the other to develop a ranch in the West and get into local politics. Quite apart from depression and taxes—though as part of the same world that brought the latter as a homeopathic remedy for the former—some of our generation

[3] Charles McArthur and Lucia Beth Stevens, "The Validation of Expressed Interests as Compared with Inventoried Interests: A Fourteen-year Follow-up," *The Journal of Applied Psychology*, XXXIX (1955), 184-189.

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concluded that money isn't everything. I remember in college snorting a bit sarcastically at those of my classmates who said that they were going to make a million before they were forty and then retire and "live." But the astonishing thing is how many did something not so dissimilar: they left a profitable job in New York—the mecca for so many then at Harvard and other New England colleges—to find "the good life" in some other work and some other part of the forest. We shall see in contrast to this that hardly any of the Class of 1955 would ever want to live in New York in order to make a million, or in any other big city. "No life in the ulcer belt for me," as one of them says, explaining why: although he plans to enter advertising, he will stay away from New York despite his realization that most big firms have their head offices there.

The same uncertainties that led to changes in occupation and aspiration also seem to me to have been a factor, along with the obvious economic hazard, in the relatively late marriages of so many of our generation. Many of us were searchers, not sure of the type of family life we wanted. Many did not want to be tied down. Nor would it have occurred to us to have our wives support us through graduate school, as is so common today among the young. And, indeed, if we think of the Class of 1931 at Radcliffe or Smith, Bryn Mawr or Skidmore,[4] we realize that these young women were often ambitious, too: they wanted careers, and not simply an intermittent series of low-level jobs that would help support four or five children and the suburban life the children "deserved." Those of us who did marry before or soon after graduation were often the well-to-do boys who seemed clearly headed down the ancestral occupational paths; and not a few changed wives as well as jobs—perhaps marrying the Mary Monahans that the George Apley family tradition had first forbidden.

World War II served some in these uncommitted groups as a punch bowl serves at a cocktail party—as a switching point allowing the formation of new affiliations. Coming after ten years of doubt or underemployment, it permitted us to discover the potentialities we were often unaware of, to find new confidence and see new parts of the country. It served, of course, for many non-

[4] I am indebted to Mrs. Doris B. Shartle for the Skidmore twenty-fifth anniversary report.

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college men in the same way, and California—the great American suburb, which many saw for the first time during the War—still gains light industry and population as a result. Others, obviously, were affected in other ways: some became better at what they already were—notably so, the doctors, who beefed if the War wasn't arranged for their postgraduate benefit; or, sadly, still others were cut off or, though still living, remained lost. Coming back from the War into an expanding economy (so different from some of the post-World War I economies) we were able to confirm experiences which had only been potential; age might, with equal prosperity, have brought much of this, but the War speeded up things and gave us, I think, more differentiated fates.

Going over our class reports, that recount this at five-year intervals, I have detected a tendency to emphasize increasingly the nonvocational aspects of our lives: the family and hobbies and, markedly, the fabulous array of philanthropic and civic activities into which we have been drawn. It is hard to think of a disease or a civic bane that one of us hasn't "taken" and become a vice-president of! Many of us have, we report, moved to the suburbs for the benefit of the children, or even become exurbanites for the sake of a better family life. Still, we bring these things up because we have done well enough vocationally to "afford" these concessions to the rest of life. Were we without drive, men without readiness to sacrifice the nonwork sides of life, we would not seek the high and demanding posts in business, government and the arts which so many of our class and neighboring classes do hold in far above average trajectories of energetic mobility (even taking account of our inheritances of opportunity). In reading the reports, moreover, I get the impression that our class, though it may no longer have as many Frank Merriwell ambitions, is by no means ready to retire, even if it could financially afford it. (Some of the Class of 1955 talk in the *Time* interviews of the retirement plans in the companies they are going to enter). Our class still has wants which are unfulfilled, not for things—which it owns in a measure to gladden *New Yorker* advertisers of gifts for the man who has everything—but rather for meaning and purpose. George Weller defined us, in his novel of Harvard, as coming to college "not to eat, not for love, but only

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gliding" (an observation Emerson once made of snakes in Concord); we have done a lot of gliding but, unlike snakes, we want to understand what we have endured.

If, then, in this perspective upon ourselves (a perspective which may be too "projective"), we look at the *Time* interviews, we are struck by the knowingness of the present college generation: they come to college to eat, to love (and often to get married), but certainly not to glide. Although they enter a far more prosperous and secure world in economic terms, they appear in more of a hurry—not from a driving ambition which, as we shall see, not many have, but because they have already made up their minds as to exactly who they are and exactly where they want to go on the superhighway of their chosen corporation or profession.

Each knows, understandably enough, the branch of military service he is entering. (At Michigan, for example, the students speak of the "deal" they have in the guided missiles branch of the Army or the personnel section of the Marines or a reserve branch.) No one voices objection to service on political grounds or as a pacifist; and only two complain of the interruption to their careers; a great many see the period of military service as a kind of postgraduate training, helpful to their careers. In any case, such service is a fact of life to be casually accepted and gotten over with. War as a possible interference is scarcely contemplated by these rather optimistic men, and not anticipated by any but a few—largely Catholics for whom world communism is more of an omnipresent menace than it is for most of the respondents. Nor is there anything opaque for the majority about their careers: they know the type of professional office or large corporation they want; and most who are going into business (which includes many who have majored in engineering or chemistry and are going to business school after that) prefer the salaried life of the large corporation. As one Princeton senior says:

> Let's face it, I'll be on salary, not making capital gains, even at 36. . . . Why struggle on my own, when I can enjoy the big psychological income of being a member of a big outfit?

And he points out that he doesn't have the brass his father had to be a lone wolf—a comparison a number of them make, in almost

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every case with detached admiration for the old man's toughness, but with hardly any despondency for not living up to him as a model.

As another young man says, speaking of the large corporation in general:

> They try to do what's best for you and best for them—if they see you'd do better in one department than in another, they transfer you. . . . There's no back-stabbing and politics like there is in a small firm. Your worth is recognized.

The notion that the company might also recognize negative worth, failure, just doesn't come up; it is the company's role to develop and train, never to threaten or fire. This, indeed, is part of the benevolent world these men foresee and will perhaps help create as a self-confirming prophecy. As one of them remarks:

> I've always believed that if you are honest and sincere and can convince other people that you are, you'll get ahead, and I don't think I'll find out that I am wrong when I get out in the business world.

This is an understandable outlook, especially in view of the experience these men have had of being courted by large corporations. One Michigan senior tells the interviewer:

> One nice thing about it is you don't really have to go out looking for a job—they come around looking for you!

In Stephen Potter's handbook of gamesmanship, he has a ploy to floor any generalizer, namely, "What of the South?"—a question you can ask in any country, for whether in Italy or France, China or the United States, the South is always another country, sometimes another colony. So it is that in these interviews, some of the Southerners, including Texans, seem more eager for the big money, and more willing even to desert the big corporation and the suburb in its pursuit. One senior at Georgia Tech tells the interviewer:

> Fifteen years from now—well, I'm pretty ambitious and I think that I'll be with a progressive company at Burlington. Maybe I'll be a division director making—say—$25,000 a year.

This is a modest aim enough, in all reality, but large in comparison with the others who expect to be making $15,000 or $18,000 at most

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to support the four children and the two cars, the club dues and church contributions, the vacations in Europe and Bermuda, and the small boat on the lake. He continues:

> And I'll probably be working in the Southeastern states since the trend is definitely toward the elimination of the Eastern mills. But South and Central America are going to move up as textile areas . . . if I do get overseas I think I would enjoy it.

Another Georgia Tech student wants both to write a big novel about the Civil War—he says he thinks there's still a big market for all the magnolia stuff—and to make a lot of money on his father's Mississippi Delta farm. A Texas boy at Princeton is going into the oil and gas business with his father. To this group I should add a Notre Dame boy from Pittsburgh who expects to make big money practicing law, in part because he can count on the influence of his father, a probate judge; and another Catholic, son of an oil and gas producer, a Harvard senior, who says, "Christ, I'd live in Nome, Alaska, if there was money there."

These are the exceptions, however, the immoderates, who want neither the fringe benefit nor the fringe suburb. Their idiosyncracy is evident in the fact that they say more about their careers and less about their prospective wives and families than most. Rather than looking to a large corporation to advance them if they deserve it, they want to find a situation to which *they* make a difference—a situation small enough for them to make an impact on it. They want a ladder, not an escalator.

Most of them, however, as I've indicated, think of themselves as too mature—and perhaps of the economy as too mature as well—to be that interested in self-advancement. The career they want is to find the good life, for which their corporation or profession serves as the good provider. These men already know they won't be president—they wouldn't want the job with its unpredictable demands, its presumptive big city locale, its disruption of family and recreational life. This is all the more striking since it is my impression that the interviewers tried to get "representative men," who were often big men on campus (a strategy which seems to have totally failed at Harvard, where the respondents—some of them prospective doctors—include neither the intellectual nor the social

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elite who would, I suspect, have avoided or kidded the whole "deal").[5]

This relative subordination of career ambition goes together with the fact that for most of the respondents the girl they are to marry is already picked out in fact or fancy, and the style of life the family will lead is foreshadowed with equal clarity. Some sound rather psychological about it (like a Harvard man, already engaged, who declares: "Well, it's supposed to be psychologically bad for the middle child if you have three, so I suppose we'll have four"). Others are as uncomplex as the Michigan engineering student who says that he and his girl have "talked some about a family, and we're agreed that we'd like a pretty fair-sized one—maybe four or five kids. We're both fairly easygoing and a lot of noise wouldn't bother us."

One Princeton senior is so very explicit that I first thought he must be pulling the interviewer's leg, but that was because I happened to read his interview first and didn't realize that it only highlighted a norm. He is going into law, and he declares:

I'll belong to all the associations you can think of—Elks, V.F.W.'s, Boy Scouts and Boys' Clubs, Y.M.C.A., American Legion, etc. It will keep me away from home a lot. But my wife [a purely hypothetical wife, remember] won't mind. She'll be vivacious and easy with people. And

[5] At the University of Denver, the interviewer got a more Bohemian and unconventional range of respondents. They include an actor, aggressively individualistic, who says he's willing to live in "a room which is yours and nobody else's"; a man who wants to produce plays (but not live in New York); a self-proclaimed Taft Republican, who's going into nuclear engineering because that's the future; and a girl who wants to become a missionary. Oberlin also presents a contrast, with one man who wants to be a foreign correspondent; another who plans to become an agronomist for missions to underdeveloped lands; one wants to be a philosopher; and several are going into psychology (one of whom aims at becoming a dean of students). In general, the Oberlin seniors are quite outspokenly idealistic and prepared to accept modest incomes.

Nevertheless, taking the interviews as a whole, it seems probable that many of the more interesting students were either left out or sounded more "normal" in their interviews than they might under less stilted conditions. But three women got into this jumbled sample: the comments of one form a curious obbligato to the image the men have of the kind of wife they want. She is a Wisconsin senior who says that she's afraid of "that nice little pattern that everyone wants to fit into; the cheery little marriage and the husband working to get ahead in his job, the wife being a clubwoman and helping her husband to advance. . . . Beating the pattern is the hardest thing of all, and I'm not much for fighting. It would be a lot easier just to go off to Africa or somewhere and live there. . . . It isn't that I want to be an odd-ball. I like odd-balls but I wouldn't want to be one."

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she will belong to everything in sight too—especially the League of Women Voters. I won't marry her until I'm twenty-eight, and so when I'm thirty-six we will have only two of the four children I hope for eventually. We'll be living in an upper-middle-class home costing about $20,000 by then, in a suburban fringe. . . . We'll have two Fords or Chevvies when I'm thirty-six, so we can both keep up the busy schedule we'll have. But in addition to this public social life, we'll have private friends who don't even live around Toledo—friends with whom we can be completely natural and relaxed. That's where Princeton friends will be very important.

To members of an older generation, this may sound like a young man on the make who wants contacts. But that is only a small part of it: the civic-minded life, the gregarious life, is at once felt as an obligation, seen as professionally useful, and anticipated as a pleasure and an end in itself. The wife is an indispensable auxiliary to this life which, even if it is a very outgoing, two-car life, is still centered in the backyard bosom of the family. This is an element in the resentment which appears again and again in the interviews toward the (almost purely hypothetical) career girl. One Harvard man says about the sort of girl he wants to marry:

She shouldn't be submissive, she can be independent on little things, but the big decisions will have to go my way . . . the marriage must be the most important thing that ever happened to her.

Another says what many feel:

My wife can work if she wants when we are first married, but she shouldn't work when we have children.

At the same time, they don't want a stay-at-home wife; they want a presentable date who, as we have seen, will be active in community affairs; she must be college-bred, she must understand her husband and know how to bring up children. There are contradictions lurking here; as one Harvard man says:

I want someone who would stay home and take care of the children, but on the other hand I want someone who can stimulate me intellectually, and I don't know if those things are compatible . . . if a woman goes to Radcliffe and takes up economics, she isn't learning how to bring up children.

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In order to see what kind of mother their girl will make, a number of men say they will take a hard look at the girl's mother, to see what kind of a model mother she is—a rather awesome theme for those of us in the Class of 1931 who have eligible daughters and hopelessly impractical wives.

One Princeton senior is more graphic than most about all this. He says:

> Life will not be a burden for me at thirty-five [How old and tired he makes that august age sound!] because I will be securely anchored in my family. My main emotional ties will center in my wife and family—remember, I hope for five children. Yes, I can describe my wife [again, quite a hypothetical person]. She will be the Grace Kelly, camel's-hair-coat type. Feet on the ground, and not an empty shell or a fake. Although an Ivy League type, she will also be centered in the home, a housewife. Perhaps at forty-five, with the children grown up, she will go in for hospital work and so on. . . . And improving herself culturally and thus bringing a deeper sense of culture into our home will be one of her main interests in fifteen years.

And then he concludes: ". . . in fifteen years I look forward to a constant level of happiness."

It is this vision of life on a plateau that perhaps most distinguishes the Class of 1955 from that of 1931. We who were graduated twenty-five years ago found our way by trial and error—and I emphasize the error as well as the trial—to many of the values and styles of life the Class of 1955 already begins with. We were, as I've suggested, more immature in many ways, and by the same token we expected to change and to be changed by our work and our experiences. The Class of 1955, judging by these interviews and forgetting their unreliability, would appear to expect to go on successfully adapting as they've already done, but not to change in any fundamental way, save that the family will take the place of the fraternity. The girls in question, however, may find it harder to stay on the plateau—or if they're *that* good, they may not want these boys;[6] after all, Grace Kelly has had a career and has married a prince.

[6] In 1954, *Mademoiselle* magazine sent out questionnaires to women undergraduates at a number of colleges, and also to a few graduates. I had an opportunity to examine these, and the picture they present is not different from that presented by the men: they, too, want the well-rounded life, suburban and family-centered (but, like the men in the *Time*

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But there is very little evidence in the interviews that the respondents have had to struggle for anything they want—or have wanted anything that would cost them a struggle. Some of the things they have surrendered are surely baubles. Thus, I have the impression that hardly anybody seeks swank or social distinction, and this seems not merely an artifact of the interview but an expression of the prevailing democratic ethos. A number who themselves went to prep school say they will send their children to public school. The suburb they aim for is regarded as the scenic backdrop for the happy family, not the locale of mobility as in *Point of No Return*. As I have implied, they have very few dreams, these young men; they dream of neither conventional prestige and social éclat nor, in general, of unconventional accomplishments. A fortune which can be passed on to children would be one sort of accomplishment, but very few of these seniors look for even modest capital accumulation; the capital is, as it were, society's, built into the schools and suburban developments and Blue Cross plans and corporate reserves. A floor is under these men, a low ceiling over them (analogous to the ranch-type houses in which they will live, in contrast to the high-ceilinged Victorian home), and these provide a narrow and "constant level of happiness." As one Harvard senior declares, explaining why he had dropped his plan to enter the strenuousness of a medical career: "I think contentment is the main thing."

Do they see the political future as a possible interference with having all utilities "laid on," as the British would say? They were all asked about the political future—a boring topic for most of them. I am sure few know or care who is our Ambassador to France, and, save for a few Catholic nationalists already referred to, they expect peace within the country and with the Soviet powers. Their political views are decent and, in a nonpolitical sense, liberal; the Southerners are generally opposed to segregation, and are optimistic that it will cease to be a problem as the older generation dies

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interviews, near enough to a big city for cultural advantages—it isn't clear who will populate the city), and fear ambition in themselves and their prospective spouses. Russell Lynes, in "What Has Succeeded Success?" (*Mademoiselle*, September, 1954), discusses these interviews perceptively, pointing out how demanding and strenuous the goals of well-roundedness and contentment can become, and what effort it takes to be "cool."

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out. They like Ike; and in a certain complacency, a fondness for golf (which many in our generation thought an old man's game) and the outdoors, they are like Ike. For most of them, save for a few who are going into law and want to dabble in politics, the national and international political scene holds neither fear nor fascination.[7]

This doesn't mean they aren't civic-minded; they are very much so. Whereas quite a few of our generation moved to the suburbs, at least allegedly on the children's account, while resenting the life of a commuter, the Class of 1955 has an emotional attachment to the suburb and sees it as far more than a spawning bed. As one Michigan student says:

I'm definitely interested in community activities. More than anything, I'd like to work with the youth of the community, especially in athletics. . . . When I say I'm interested in community activities, that doesn't mean politics. I'm not interested in politics whatsoever, and I never will be! I hate to say anything against politicians, but they just waste too much time. . . . I want to live my own life, not a public life.

The suburb appears to be an extension of private life: its P.T.A.'s, its Little League baseball, and in some cases its general cultural level—these the Class of 1955 wants to take on as its proper responsibilities. This goes for religion, too; as one civic-minded Cal Tech senior says:

I think that I will be going to church. . . . It is good for a whole family to do things together; more or less builds unity.

Indeed, it would perhaps be as correct to say that private life is the domestic intensification of the suburb, as we can see in the remarks of a Harvard senior:

I'd like six kids. I don't know why I say that—it just seems like a minimum production goal. I like kids and I've done a lot of work with them. . . . I like group life and family life and I want to have a home filled with inner richness. Nothing is as human as a child.

[7] One Harvard man of top academic standing, who is going into law, says: "I suppose as I become more allied with the business world and with business associates I'll tend to shed my Democratic preferences." This is not said cynically or bitterly, but as part of an image of a relaxed, suburban future.

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A world populated by the men who appear in these interviews, and by the girls they almost without exception have in mind—the bachelor's freedom is a vanishing theme—would be a decent world; nobody in it would blow up or blow it up. If we ourselves manage to live the next fifteen years in such a world, we may count our bland blessings, though some of us of 1931 may not regret that we lived for our first fifteen years after graduation in a world of passion and turmoil which many of us experienced as such, whether it touched us closely or at one remove.

Afterthought: When I presented the foregoing observations to the Class of 1931 and to their wives and college-age children, I set going something of a cross-generational argument in which the "younger generation" felt a need to explain their apparent security-proneness and members of my own generation to berate them for it; to berate them even for not revolting against us—and then to berate ourselves for being so mild and nice as not to produce revolt. Indeed, as I have indicated, the Class of 1955 is at peace with its parents in so far as the *Time* interviews shed light on the matter. They may regard their fathers as tougher men than they (perhaps we are not as tough as we appear), but they do not regard them as Philistines to be overcome by fight or flight, but rather as helpful and even exemplary older siblings. On the other hand, judging from our discussions in Cambridge, parents worry that life has been made too easy for their children, that they do not crave eminence or seek excellence, that they are almost too well rounded. In this particular sequence of the generations, as so often in the history of this country, the self-made person finds that—at least in the absence of powerful Puritan traditions—he cannot reproduce his kind.

But it is, of course, much too early to predict to what degree the Class of 1955, with all its considerable realism, will succeed in finding the good life so many now look forward to. Perhaps unjustifiably extrapolating from the interviews, they appear to have encountered few moral and psychological hardships; school and college have been for many an extension of the nest rather than a traumatic initiation outside its protections. Military service still lies ahead of most of them, and after that the suburb with (as William

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Whyte of *Fortune* has indicated in many articles[8]) its subtle pressures for smooth performance in personal relations. Moreover, the job may not turn out as promised, either in terms of what it will buy or of what strains in family life it may involve. Just as many of us in the Class of 1931 could not tell what we were like until war experience revealed us to ourselves, so obviously we cannot know in advance what demands will be made on our children or how in the light of their experience they will interpret them. Conceivably, they will have to face an existence which at forty-five, with the children grown and flown, the job ceilinged and routine, the hobbies long since explored, will bring a quiet crisis of meaning—somewhat like that of some members of an older generation who cannot, being work-driven, face retiring at sixty-five or seventy. But such a notion is probably ethnocentric to our generation, as it stares into the opaqueness of another age-culture; and I guess our curiosity will have to wait until the Class of 1955 tells us, in more artistic and dramatic ways than through brief interviews, what it feels like to belong, by birth rather than individual effort, to an economy (though it be a war economy) of abundance.

[8] I have learned much from his forthcoming book, *The Organization Man*, describing the junior executive life on and off the job; see, also, his *Fortune* article on "The Class of '49," June, 1949, the argument of which is largely congruent with my own. Whyte (in correspondence) observes one interesting difference between the Class of 1949 and that of 1955, namely that the former chose the big corporation reluctantly, out of a Depression-bred insecurity, and fearing for their individuality, whereas the Class of 1955 does not, for the most part, feel the need to make a choice.

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The New Man in the Arts

JACQUES BARZUN

THE MOST SALIENT FACT in the artistic culture of this country since 1930 is the rise of the amateur. This may well be part of a broad change of habit and outlook throughout Western society, but I am at the moment solely concerned with the American scene. Our reality is symbolized by the fact that we have a President who paints, and who followed in office an amateur pianist. Their predecessor, who came to the White House in 1933, belonged culturally to the old order of things: he only collected postage stamps.

Painting and music are, almost of necessity, the chief arts in which the new amateur flourishes. There is in the first place a tradition connecting leisure with the practice of these particular arts. This tradition, in turn, is implied in their forms of being: in both arts the activity and the thing to show for it are easily manageable and domesticated. One can play or paint for oneself and for friends. It is hard to imagine amateur writing, for instance, ever becoming similarly acceptable. Rather few people enjoy the act of literary composition for itself alone, and almost none can endure the reading of manuscripts. It is notorious that editors and publishers have to be paid to stand it. For other obvious reasons architecture is not a satisfactory avocation; and sculpture and the dance, though possible, are beset with more practical difficulties for the unassuming citizen than music and painting.

We thus have hordes of amateur musicians, quantities of amateur painters, whose principal recreation has already had the effect of changing America's attitude toward art in general. What is notable about the last two Presidents' toying with the muses is not so much the fact itself as the casualness with which it is universally re-

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ceived. Art is seen to be compatible with manliness, on the one hand, and with serious business—indeed with affairs of state—on the other. The fine arts are acquiring the respectability of fishing and golf.

It may, of course, be argued that most of the amateur work in music and painting is the merest dabbling and is to be called "art" only by courtesy; any resemblance is fortuitous and would seem to be purely external. But the disparity between the various degrees of amateurism and "true art" must not be overdone. There are many disciplined amateurs. And that the new addiction to music and painting is not all make-believe is shown by the tremendous increase in the sales of good music on discs and in the attendance at museums. The same people, it is reasonable to suppose, paint and see exhibitions, or play and listen to recorded performers.

These facts bear witness to the development of what we may call a "taste," if we use the word in its neutral sense—a habit of contemplation having for its object masterpieces in a great variety of styles. For by now, the long-playing record has expanded musical choice to very nearly the limits of the conceivable repertory; and the public museums are hospitable to nearly every type of artifact from primitive to contemporary. With reproductions added to the stock, the new connoisseur can satisfy his craving or curiosity like a housewife in a supermarket.

This is not to say that every amateur possesses an encyclopedic appetite—far from it. The tendency is rather toward speciality and voluntary limitation in individual tastes; but these taken together give the spectacle of a large popular audience choosing at will from the available riches of the world in two eloquent and abundant arts.

At this point it is necessary to forestall the confusion that might arise from the term "popular audience." It does not mean the same thing as "mass audience"; and the mass audience itself is not, as we tend to imagine, equivalent to the whole of the adult population. When we speak of the movies as a mass medium, we mean that its products reach perhaps one-third of the people in any one week, and figures tell us further that the majority of these viewers are children and adolescents. Again, when we say that a periodical has

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a mass circulation, we have regard to its being printed in five or six million copies, which family use may bring before the eyes of some twenty million readers. These numbers all represent modest fractions of the whole, at the same time as they record only the probability of spiritual contact between the given object and the indicated citizen. Not every child or adult of the fifty million sees any one movie; not every one in the family circle reads any given article in *Life* or *Look*. In other words, the figures by which we estimate the mass audience for either praise or blame are subtly deceiving: the reality eludes us, as always in statistics, and we would be nearer the living truth if we visualized our movie-goers and our readers of magazines and comic books as broken up into diversified cliques, not to say elites.

The point of this digression into numbers is that the new vogue of high art in America need not be universal and ubiquitous to qualify as popular. Nothing is in fact ubiquitous; every taste, high and low, falls far short of the universal. What makes music and painting *popular* avocations today is that they are not the appanage of a group, class or profession. It is true that the devotees of these arts tend to concentrate in large cities and near academic institutions. But other things converge there too, for social reasons which underlie the fabric of our lives, and not merely the avocations that interest us. To put the same thing differently, there is no way of predicting which American one meets will turn out to be an amateur musician or painter, which of them a collector of records or art books. But that in any gathering there will be more than one is likely.

Thirty years ago the chance of such an encounter was rare. A sudden flush of pleasure greeted the discovery that Mr. X, a business or professional man, was "keen about art." It meant, usually, that he bought original paintings or was on the board of the orchestral society. He was a patron, and hence a rich man, who consorted mainly with his fellow buyers and storers of foreign art. Now the breed has been democratized, largely by technological means: discs are excellent and cheap, and so are reproductions of works of art. It is no more surprising to run into a stranger well supplied with

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both, despite his modest means, than it was surprising thirty years ago to find a man owning a collection of books. It is the bookish man who may in the future become the rare surprise if music and painting continue their inroads. But at this moment, with the vogue of paperbacks still high, it has ceased to be true (as it was for Matthew Arnold) that the United States is "the most common-schooled but least cultivated" nation on earth.

The new amateur, then, is very much a product of industry and social equality. But he is also moved by more obscure forces. Why, with the world's great artists mechanically at his beck and call, does he want to paint or play, as we say, personally? Why do communities increasingly prefer to be entertained by unprofessional talent nearby and even entrust their bare walls, private or public, to the perilous brush of the modern primitive in their midst?

The clearest answer to this last question only removes the difficulty a little way: it is that one feels on all sides a growing community spirit which relishes what is local and of the group. Further causes are speculative: the family unit has perhaps been replaced by this larger aggregate. Again, the greater leisure and the desire to supplement the life of livelihood with the life of self-cultivation impel people into community enterprises. And what once might have been a religious endeavor is now secularized, taking the form of art, which for a century and a half has been the religion of the intellectual.

There is, finally, a strong economic inducement. With the wide extension of the living wage and the union rule, the price of professional services has become unapproachable for all but corporations. The patron who formerly gave himself or his principality the luxury of a permanent orchestra could, today, barely afford an occasional flute solo. And in addition to the expense is the trouble, in a crowded world, of arranging anything at a distance. It is easier to paint one's own murals than to ascertain and commission the best man for the money available. It would be simpler for a group of laymen to reproduce the Sistine ceiling from memory than to secure, insure, house, hang, open and ship back a loan exhibit. "Let's do it all ourselves" is the spontaneous answer to the "prob-

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lem of communication." And doing it ourselves, together, assuages at the same time the anguish of isolation that many people feel in modern life. Thus do we return, after centuries of straining individualism, to self-sufficiency in common on the village green.

But none of this touches the first of the two questions—what impels a person who is absolutely free of pretensions about art and of illusions about himself to perform as a solitary amateur? Here individualism undoubtedly survives, but in a democratic guise. The earlier, competitive individualism said: careers are open to talent; let genius disclose itself. The modern kind says: each man has some slight ability worth exercising; let him develop it for his own limited joy. I have elsewhere tried to give an idea of the many forms which contemporary musical talent takes in this country, and tried to relate the new amateur in music to the conditions of trade and training which encourage his activities.* The determining cause seems to be that there is more genuine talent than disposition to support, or even to witness it in the old way. With the passing of the class system there also went something of the mild subordination needed for being a spectator. There is abroad in the world a passion for participation. This is so true that we have made the noun an absolute term, applicable to the demands of the kindergarten, the crown colony, or the self-taught timpanist.

The new pride, at any rate, is not in being or becoming a great artist, or even in passing for an artist in any sense; it is the pride and the right of taking part in the general, anonymous, collective life of the spirit through art. "I too am a painter" was said by Correggio in emulation of Raphael; it could be said by John Doe in emulation of his President, and it would be a corollary to their common citizenship. Which does not prevent the more perceptive and disciplined of the amateurs from "participating" in another sense, through an ever more intimate knowledge of the thoughts and emotions they encounter in the works of the masters. As a less-than-literate dentist who was a remarkable viola player said to me after doing his part in Beethoven's Opus 127: "When I play I feel I'm co-sharing the mind of the composer."

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* *Music in American Life* (New York: Doubleday and Company, 1956).

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Also present in the amateur's zeal is an impatience with the ready-made in its commercial aspect, with technique in the wholly modern sense of slickness. It is, of course, a sound artistic instinct to prefer spontaneity to routine and strong intent to mindlessness. For many years now, competition in all the artistic trades has enforced a professionalism of detail at the expense of idea. To succeed, everybody has had to exhibit the standard virtuoso tricks, rather than the virtuosity which may at times be a relevant effect. But the penalty of tricks is that by repetition they tire the beholder even when he is too ignorant to know in what they consist. The amateur certainly is unable to reproduce them, but he knows that he wants freshness, and he knows where to obtain it, of the most artless kind.

The upshot of these motives is indeed an artless art, and a use of past art that is also artless. I refer to the great greedy consumption of the good things of the past, which I cannot help seeing also as a kind of dissipation of their meaning. We have so often been told, and quite rightly, that art is for use, that—we use it up. This appears not alone in our careless dealings with profusion, nor in the rapid succession of vogues, nor in the diminished attention to any one thing which necessarily follows, but in our heedless mixing of one purpose with another. When masterpieces of painting advertise canned goods or when the excellences of music preside over the opening of a soda fountain, the objectionable part is not that greatness is degraded by the commonplace; it is that a symbol of life has been reduced to a trivial sign: the "Mona Lisa" stands for "quality," regardless of the object; the Mendelssohn "Midsummer Night" music means only that a thoughtful management has provided pleasant noise for the ear as well as pleasant color for the eye. The degradation is not in the use but in the nonuse. The use would be to stop and look, to sit and listen, whether or not the occasion was noble.

If we are so much at ease that we cannot be brought to attend, excepting only when we have our little amateur ax to grind, the chances are that our role is other than we conceive it to be. Possibly we are unconscious agents in a necessary task of annihilation,

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pounding to bits and scattering the elements of our entire artistic heritage since the Renaissance. I am more and more coming to think this a prerequisite to any future greatness we shall achieve in art. It may, of course, be that we shall grind our treasure into dust and starve our talents in one and the same operation. More probably, the new democratic amateur is disseminating the feel and taste of artistic experience while emptying art itself of its overwhelming substance. The result should in time be a generation of young men broken in to a vocabulary but unhampered by a message. In recent years, lacking the salutary breaks in tradition which catastrophes brought about in less historical-minded times, it has been the weight of meaning and symbolic force of five centuries of art that have paralyzed the newcomers.

The present situation is in any case thrilling by its ambiguity—much culture and much ado about it, a democratic carelessness lavishing a cornucopia of artistic products and proficiencies upon indiscriminate uses, and no proportionate means of sustaining creation. As chief novelty, there is the amateur with his Friday-night violin case or Sunday box of paints. And to one side is the other eloquent art, the literary, squeezed in the crowd of visual and mechanical competitors and beginning to suspect that words no longer penetrate, yet seeing year by year the number of poets—young and difficult—multiply. There too attrition by numbers is at work; the professional is hard to distinguish from the sanguine amateur, both doing their share of termite's work, clearing the ground for the future—a disaster first and then a boon.

America has been awaiting her great artists for a long while. They have had a way, so far, of turning up suddenly in our past, having remained incognito in our present and inconceivable in our future. Forty years ago G. K. Chesterton, speaking of an American who waited for a compatriot Shakespeare, called the expectancy "a hobby more patient than angling." Today the hope can no longer be for one supreme specimen to arise in the normal way. It must be for a whole generation of men once more fired with greatness in diverse degrees and able to embody it freely because little or nothing shall then stand in their way. I am no prophet and would

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decline the office if tendered, but I venture to name without comment three things whose lack seems to me still to hinder the production of great art in our society. Their presence would not be enough by itself, but these I think we must have:

One, better talk about art—that is, less small talk among amateurs and less pedantry among "men of ideas"; a more flexible, richer, stronger vocabulary of criticism; and a truce to self-consciousness about likes, dislikes, "positions" and philosophies.

Two, a freer atmosphere for the outgoing affections—from admiration to sexual love. This means less, far less, regimentation—not only by society but by cliques and by "ideas"—of whatever belongs to the erotic sphere. If we were easy on this score there would not be so much low- and high-grade pornography. Pruriency is a vice of cold blood, a form of negation. Now the freedom of dissent must always be defended, but there is another freedom, that of the generous passions, which needs protection inside ourselves. Perhaps the way to put it is that everyone should care less so as to enable everyone to care more.

Three, bigger houses. The average American family house—three bedrooms and two baths—contents itself with twelve hundred square feet of space. No sense of scale, abstract or concrete, can develop in such a cubicle. You disbelieve this at your peril, for skepticism here breeds loss of perception. Read in Mill's *Autobiography* the effect on his spirit of first going into a large and noble dwelling after a youth spent in a puritan, almost an American, suburb.

In every age what the House of Art has most needed is many mansions.

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The Plight of the Lone Wolf

PERRY MILLER

HENRY ADAMS, as readers of his *Education* are rather weary of being reminded, insisted that although physically he was born in the Boston of 1838, intellectually he came out of the eighteenth century. I was born in 1905 on the West Side of Chicago. As I look back upon my boyhood or compare the effects upon me of that experience with those left upon friends and colleagues of a youth spent amid more suburban or (even then) exurbanite circumstances, I realize that I was peculiarly fortunate in thus having had borne in upon me the full impact of the twentieth century, in which I was to live. But alas, I never quite got the good of my advantage: I went as a moderately young freshman to the University of Chicago, and so came of age in the nineteenth century after all.

This was pre-Hutchins. It was a great university then, and embodied a serene assumption—at least, to my adolescent sense of things it did—that it would automatically continue to be great in precisely the same terms as those in which it then so beautifully flourished. The essence of this beauty was the nineteenth-century conception of the dignified isolation of each member of the faculty. The atmosphere so deliberately contrived at the university may have been only a pale American imitation of Berlin and Göttingen, but in the city of Chicago it was so impressive as almost to stifle one's breathing. A professor was a kingdom unto himself, sole ruler and the only citizen. These august figures bowed to each other when passing on the campus—I imagined that they even ate lunch together at the Quadrangle Club in the same aloofness—with the self-possession of two battleships belonging to separate sovereigns with nothing in common, neither hostility nor friendship, saluting

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in mid-ocean. They all seemed so magnificently a law unto themselves that I could conceive of no greater measure of earthly felicity than to grow up, learn enough, and become as like them as possible.

I have had my share of misfortune in the twenty-five years since THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR was founded, but I have been supremely lucky in one respect: I have been able to examine the idols of my youth with a cold, objective eye, and to find that upon the most critical study they stand up. True, their work often appears less world-shaking today than their students supposed: only specialists in the Elizabethan period with fairly antiquarian interests spend much time, for instance, upon Charles Read Baskervill's *The Elizabethan Jig*. Many failed to realize their promise in publication; those who knew John Matthews Manly and Philip Schuyler Allen must lament that so little survives from their teeming brains. But even so, I am not indulging, not in the slightest, a middle-aged nostalgia for a vanished past when I assert that they were giants—these three—along with others such as Lovett, Paul Shorey, Breasted, Goodspeed, William Dodd, George Herbert Mead. They were gigantic not so much because they were surpassing geniuses, but because the academic ethos cast them in the part.

The same ethos, I hasten to admit, prevailed over other academic communities. I came to Harvard in 1930, and the legend of the magnificent individual, at least in the humanities, was still alive. There was a vivid memory of William James, and in the Yard could be seen Kittredge, Lowes, Whitehead, Grandgent, Irving Babbitt, while in a curtained room on Francis Avenue there lingered the shattered body of Charles Haskins. I need not call the list of other polymaths of that era: Dewey at Columbia, Jastrow at Pennsylvania, Parrington at Washington (though for so long he labored in obscurity). Suffice to say, all of them worked as individuals, alone in their studies, at the head of their own excavations. They spoke for themselves out of their own researches, their own notes (transcribed, not photostated), or their own violent prejudices. The point is, not one of them can be imagined as ever forming part of a "team."

There have been, over the last two or three decades, "develop-

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ments" in technology, transportation, advertising, communication, which have much more altered our manners than has this dwindling in the universities of the ideal of the lonely scholar. I point to this phenomenon as the one that has most interested, not to say appalled, me because it is the one I am closest to, because I am so much the academician I can barely look beyond the college gates. Even so, I argue that it is a transformation of immense importance, not only because it intimates a change in the way our (presumably) better young minds are to be instructed, but even more because it makes a dramatic index to what has been steadily at work in our culture. It is entirely plausible that the perfection of the assembly line should turn workers into digits in an organized operation, that radio and television should require battalions of script writers and producers, that "colossal" films need disciplined regiments for their production, that modern weapons make so anarchic a soldier as Jeb Stuart as remote from our comprehension as Richard the Lion-Hearted. But that one who wishes to analyze the structure of *Paradise Lost,* to rethink the problem of reality, or to translate the Bible should go about it any other way than by shutting the door of his study—well, even to suppose otherwise is indeed a revolution in the modern mentality!

Assuredly, the mounting enrollment in our colleges will force us to employ mass methods in the classrooms. There is no point in deploring these inevitable "developments." But I am not thinking about lecturing through a microphone or over television: what worries me is the research, the evaluation of sources, the writing, the publication. Surely, even in the days I recall, the scientists had already gone far toward transforming the laboratory into a corporate enterprise. That is in the nature of the material: I gather that even in nuclear physics the figure of an Einstein sitting by himself armed only with a pencil and a pad belongs with that of Jeb Stuart. I will further concede that distinguished professors of the humanities put their seminars to work on material of use to themselves—Edward Channing certainly did—and that they employed research assistants, sometimes not giving these the credit due. But such practices are not the same thing as getting up a committee to survey American literature, to write the cultural history of New

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York, to classify the marriage dances of the Hopi, or to formulate a group definition of the nature of social action. I am the last to grieve because advertisers bring standardized procedures into the kitchen or even into the bedroom, but I tremble for the future of our civilization when the methods of Madison Avenue penetrate the scholar's sanctuary.

It has become the fashion to blame the foundations. Yes, the largess they have distributed, especially in the last decade, has accelerated the tendency of humanists to devise ways for getting aboard the gravy train. I am not the only one who has found himself dismayed at gatherings of academics (I mean those in areas with which I am concerned) when proposal after proposal is advanced with the suffix, "We might try to interest the Ford or the Rockefeller." Obviously, anybody can see how a comprehensive experiment in physics or chemistry should present itself to a foundation; also, an oligarchy of sociologists can, apparently, just as easily outline a large operation, and can promise startling disclosures. Propositions of either sort fall in with what the foundations call "programs." But can any self-respecting scholar in the humanities so comport himself? If not, how can he fit in? Dare he appear as a single being, full of crotchets, utterly unassociated and forever unassociable with some comprehensive scheme?

I have, I am proud to say, friends who are executives of foundations, and they protest that all I am saying is a canard of the humanists. They do support individual scholars. I have no statistics, and I suspect that in some measure they are justified. We have always to be grateful to the Guggenheim Foundation, even though the concrete awards are such that few of the chosen can live through the designated year without some further visible means of support. Nevertheless, the impression does march through the faculties that unless the humanists can somehow band together and devise some majestic undertaking, involving numbers, secretaries, equipment, the foundations have no time to consider them. It costs money in order to give money away; executives at high salaries can hardly fritter away their responsibilities in appraising this or that forlorn request of a lone-wolf historian. I know that the foundations work conscientiously over the problem, and their record is amazingly

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honorable. Be that as it may, the effect is to propel humanists into dreaming up team projects. And the dreadful reality is that the humanities just don't work that way—or, at least, so far they haven't. Whereupon you face the question, which I have not time to discuss, of what in the last ten years or more have the humanists in America accomplished anyway?

It has become a gnawing question in modern education: just where are the humanities? They may be lost, and possibly that is where they should be, for they were always a lost cause. When I recall the luminous names of three or four decades ago, I am reminded of one forgotten fact: generally these scholars had some sort of income; either they inherited money or they married it. The young man who elected in, say 1880 or 1890, to become a scholar rather than follow his father into business, had something to go upon. According to report, President Lowell could never bring himself to give thought to the salary scale at Harvard because he assumed that nobody would try to teach there unless already possessed of an independent income.

Even at Harvard, times changed. Ultimately, the humanists also learned to plead with foundations. They began to argue that in union there is strength. I am the last to excoriate the foundations. Advocates of humanistic studies seldom have the humanistic imagination to conceive how the thing looks from the other side of the table. But then, what has happened to that arrogant scholar of the generation long since gone? His successor, distracted with course reports, committees, faculty meetings, letters of recommendation, finds himself endowed less and less—even to the vanishing point—with those moments of solitude that permitted a William James or a John Lowes to pursue the phantom of making a contribution to knowledge.

In 1922, as I have noted, the University of Chicago beguiled a boy out from under the tracks of the Oak Park Elevated to the Midway, out of the twentieth century into the bosom of the nineteenth. The onus can be put upon President William Rainey Harper: he died a year after I was born, but he wore himself out to make the university I attended. I am not unfair in saying that more than any other in the country, his university enshrined the dream of nine-

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teenth-century scholarship. Harper thought not in terms of fields or areas or of departments—he sought *the* professor and, therefore, collected personalities. Some of his selections proved more than even eccentric Chicago could tolerate—notably Thorstein Veblen. But Harper bet on individuals, and long after, although he did not live to see all the outcome, his gambles paid off. But in this game of hazard, he never played fast and loose with the grim disciplines of the basic humanities. He was spared the agony—and we can exult that he was spared—of ever being tempted to subvert the teaching of English composition into "Communication Skills." Likewise, he had never to argue against the citizens of Illinois the right of a professor to criticize the orthodox working of the American economy.

Thus I got my glimpse of the golden age, and golden it still seems to me. But at the time I did not comprehend that the sun was setting. I do not mean that I or my present colleagues, dedicated to research, annotation, questioning, have lost faith in what we are doing. And as long as I and they are permitted, we shall do just these things. But there is, of course, that other worry: whether liberality itself has not bred so wide a license that the humanists have nobody else but themselves to blame for the incoherence of the picture they offer to the pragmatic world. That is another story, and a long one, which I shall not now try to tell; in this context, the moral is that the free and easy posture of the self-sufficient scholar, within these areas, becomes for this reason all the more difficult to maintain. He is never quite sure—although he dresses atrociously—that he doesn't really belong with the bankrupt dandy, and that he, like his fellow wastrel, isn't concerned with nothing more than keeping up appearances.

There really is no point in arraigning the foundations and not much in accusing Madison Avenue. The issue is out in the open. We still endeavor to train those we hope to be the scholars of the future by compelling them to write a dissertation which, in theory, is their own creation. Those instructors who rely on the approved methods of promotion still publish monographs to impress the heads of their departments. Each remains commendably jealous of his own findings.

Yet, what seems to me most tragically to have happened is that

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the ideal of scholarship on the grand scale is never held up to the aspiring youngster. Let us thank our lucky stars that we won our liberation from the Germanic disciplines that held us in thralldom at the turn of the century, and that the sway of the philologists is past. But with all their shortcomings, the dictators of that era conveyed to the democracy of our students something of what it means to be a scholar. They labored in the image of Ranke, Macaulay, Harnack, Masson—and, we might add, Francis Parkman.

With many, alas too many, of the young scholars, the issue of their success has become a behavior pattern. To the seductive pattern of achievement in the natural sciences has now been added the overpowering model of the social. In a recent estimate of the "behavioral sciences" at Harvard there appears a list of misguided "lone wolves," and there I find myself at last catalogued.

There are, I need not say, innumerable exceptions. I do not seriously suppose that the scholar who walks by himself can be entirely ruled out of our universities. But what has most factually happened is that the young students are little instructed in what scholarship signifies: instead, they are urged by all the pressures of the times to find for themselves a place in the program. Some of the best are allured into taking up "Communication Skills."

Yet, it is clear that I misname this response to THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR's inquiry by orating about my "plight." I am in no more serious plight than what amounts to a nerve-wracking explanation of why I am so antisocial. Despite the allurements of foundation programs and the temptations of group ventures, the historic defense remains. The scholar can always close the door of his lonely chamber, and nobody can lure him out if he elects to stay there. Pascal said that humanity's inability to remain at ease in such seclusion was a proof positive of the universality of human depravity. But here and there the refutation has been made. What has formerly been done may, *mutatis mutandis,* still be done, even in the era of television.

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The Splintered Streets

JOSEPH PAYNE BRENNAN

One day of wind and rushing skies
I walked the splintered streets my father knew,
The same old stones that rubbed my grandfather's shoe.

Then it was summer. Great elms caught the sun;
The horsecar streets were dappled with a shade
That soothed the cyclist and the brass parade.

Now in the windy autumn of my line
I walked without issue down the drafty streets.
The elms were gone, the summer, and all its heats.

The stones were splintered and the houses warped;
The eyes in every face were eyes of glass.
There was not even a ghost to watch me pass.

What the stones knew they kept.
I sought a sign, a word, something to prize;
There was nothing but wind and rushing skies.

✪ JOSEPH PAYNE BRENNAN, author of two books of poems, *Heart of Earth* and *The Humming Stair*, is with the Yale University Library. His poetry has appeared in various magazines, including the *University of Kansas City Review*, the *Chicago Review* and the *Beloit Poetry Journal*. This poem was first presented in *Kaleidograph* in 1955.

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Man's Fourth Adjustment

HARLOW SHAPLEY

THE SCATTERING OF GALAXIES, the habits of macromolecules, and the astounding abundance of stars are forcing those who ponder such matters to a further adjustment of their concept of the place and functioning of man in the material universe.

In the history of the evolving human mind, with its increasing knowledge of the surrounding world, there must have been a time when the philosophers of the early tribes began to realize that the world was not simply anthropocentric—centered on man himself. The geocentric concept became common doctrine. It accepted a universe centered on the earth. This first adjustment was only mildly deflationary to the human ego, for man appeared to surpass all other living forms.

The second adjustment in the relation of man to the physical universe, that is, the abandonment of the earth-center theory, was not generally acceptable until the sixteenth-century Copernican revolution soundly established the heliocentric concept—the theory of a universe centered on the sun. Man is a stubborn adherent to official dogma. Eventually, however, he accepted the sun as the center not only of the local family of planets, but also of the total sidereal assemblage, and long held that view.

He had slowly given up the earth-center. But why, in spite of increasing evidence, did he then hold so persistently to the heliocentric view? Was it only because of vanity—his feeling, nourished by the unscientific dogmatists, that he is of paramount significance in the world? There were several better reasons for his second delusion. For example, the Milky Way is a great circle, a band of

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starlight that divides the sky into two nearly equal parts. It is of about the same brightness in all its parts. By implication, therefore, the sun and earth are centrally located. Also, the numbers of stars seemed to the early census-takers to fall off with distance from the sun as though it were central, and such a position for his star among the stellar millions brought to man a dignity of position not at all disagreeable.

The shift from the geocentric to the heliocentric concept doubtless had some philosophical impact in the sixteenth century, but not much. After all, the hot, turbulent, gaseous sun is no place for the delicate biology in which man finds himself at or near the top. Earth-center or sun-center seemed to make little difference to cosmic thinking during the past four centuries. But then, less than forty years ago, came the inescapable need for a third adjustment—one that should have deeply affected and to some extent has disturbed man's thoughts about his place, his career and his cosmic importance.

This shift has dug deeply into man's pride and self-assurance, for it has carried with it the knowledge of the appalling number of galaxies. He could accept rather cheerfully the Darwinian evidence of his animal origin, for that still left him at the summit of all terrestrial organisms. But the abandonment of the heliocentric universe on the authority of the astronomical evidence was certainly deflationary, from the standpoint of man's position in the material world, however flattering it was to the human mind.

The "galactocentric universe" suddenly puts the earth and its life near the edge of one great galaxy in a universe of millions of galaxies. Man becomes peripheral among the billions of stars of his own Milky Way; and, according to the revelations of paleontology and geochemistry, he is recent and apparently ephemeral in the unrolling of cosmic time. And here is a somber or happy thought, whichever mood you prefer. There is no retreat! The inquiring human has passed the point of no return. We cannot restore geocentrism or heliocentrism. The apes, eagles and honeybees may be wholly content to be peripheral ephemerals, and thus miss the great vision that opens before us. For them, egocentrism and loco-

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centrism may suffice; for us, no! And since we cannot go back to the cramped but comfortable past (without sacrificing completely our cultures and civilizations), we go forward and find there is more to the story.

The downgrading of the earth and sun, and the elevation of the galaxies, is not the end of this progress of scientific pilgrims through philosophic fields. The need for a further jolting adjustment now appears—not wholly unexpected by workers in science, nor wholly the result of one or two scientific revelations.

Our new problem concerns the spread of life throughout the universe. As unsolicited spokesmen for all the earthly organisms of land, sea and air, we ask the piquant question: Are we alone?

From among the many measures and thoughts that promote this fourth adjustment of *Homo sapiens sapiens* in the galaxy of galaxies (the metagalaxy), I select three phenomena as most demanding of our consideration. The first refers to the number of stars, the second to catastrophes of ancient days, and the third to the origin of self-duplicating molecules.

To the ancients, only a few thousand stars were known; to the early telescopes, however, it was a million; and that astounding number has increased spectacularly with every telescopic advance. Finally, with the discovery that the "extragalactic nebulae" are in reality galaxies, each with its hundreds or thousands of millions of stars, and with our inability to "touch metagalactic bottom" with the greatest telescopes, we are led to accept the existence of more than 10^{20} stars in our explorable universe, perhaps many more.

The significance of this discovery, or rather of this uncovering, is that we have at hand—that is, the universe contains—more than one hundred million million million sources of light and warmth for whatever planets accompany these radiant stars.

The second phenomenon, the expanding metagalaxy, bears on the question: Do planets accompany at least some of the stars that pour forth energy suitable for the complex biological activity that we call life?

We now accept the observational evidence for an expanding

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universe of galaxies. The rapid expansion of the measurable part of the metagalaxy implies an increasingly greater concentration of these cosmic units (galaxies) as we go back in time. A few thousand million years ago, the average density of matter in space was so great that collisions, near encounters, and gravitational disruptions were of necessity frequent. The crust of the earth, radioactively measured, is also a few thousand million years old, and therefore the earth and the other planets of our sun's system were "born" in those days of turbulence. At that time countless millions of other planetary systems must have developed, for our sun is of a very common stellar variety. (Miss Cannon's catalogue of spectra reports forty thousand sun-like stars in our immediate neighborhood.)

Other ways in which planets may form—other than this primitive process of the early days—are recognized. The contraction of protostars out of the hypothetical primeval gas, giving birth on the way to protoplanets, is an evolutionary process now widely favored. It would imply the existence of countless planets.

The head-on-collision theory of planetary origin has also been considered. But the stars are now so widely dispersed that collisions must be exceedingly rare—so very unlikely, in fact, that we might claim uniqueness for our planetary system and for ourselves if planet birth depended only on such procedure. The expanding universe discovery, however, has shown the crowded conditions when our earth was born.

Passing over details, we state the relevant conclusion: *Millions of planetary systems must exist.* Whatever the method of origin, planets may be the common heritage of all stars except those so situated that planetary materials would be swallowed or cast off through gravitational action. In passing we note that astrophysicists have shown that our kinds of chemistry and physics prevail throughout the explorable universe. There is nothing uncommon here or now.

Remembering our 10^{20} stars and the high probability of millions of planets with suitable chemistry, dimensions and distance from their nutrient stars, we are ready for the question: On some of these planets is there actually life; or is that biochemical opera-

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tion strangely limited to our planet, No. 3 in the family of the sun, which is a run-of-the-mill star located in the outer part of a galaxy that contains a hundred thousand million other stars—and this galaxy but one of millions already on the records?

Is life thus restricted? Of course not. We are not alone. And we can accept life's wide dispersion still more confidently when our third argument is indicated.

To put it briefly: biochemistry and microbiology, with the assistance of geophysics, astronomy and other sciences, have gone so far in bridging the gap between the inanimate and the living that we can no longer doubt but that whenever the physics, chemistry and climates are right on a planet's surface, life will emerge and persist.

This consequence has long been suspected by scientists, but the many researches of the past few years in the field of macromolecules have made it unnecessary any longer to postulate miracles and the supernatural for the origin of life.

The astronomical demonstration of the great number of stars, and therefore the abundance of life opportunities, naturally leads to the belief that countless planets have had long and varied experience with biochemical evolution. Thousands of kinds of terrestrial animals are known to develop neurotic complexes, that is, "intelligence." It comes naturally. No higher animal is without it in high degree. Could it be otherwise on another life-bearing planet?

And here we must end with the simple but weighty proposal: There is no reason in the world to believe that our own mental stature has not been excelled by that of sentient beings elsewhere. I am not suggesting, however, that *Homo* is repeated. There are a million variations on the animal theme.

In conclusion, I need not emphasize the possible relevance to philosophy and perhaps to religion of this fourth adjustment in man's view of himself in the material universe.

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Therapy

DAVID MORTON

Walking the wood's edge, but outside the wood,
Along a road whose left was meadow-bright,
Whose right, though, was the wood's ambiguous light,
That just concealed things nameless and not good—

Here were a metaphor of himself, he thought:
A traveler brothered by the morning sun,
And neighbored near by dooms, by evil done:
Avenging shapes—and he was what they sought!

Some day, he told himself, he'd enter there,
Go deep and deeper in, and on and on,
And bear whatever thing there was to bear,
And stay, until the evil shapes were gone,
Their terrors faced and shamed away for good,
He told himself—but doubted if he would.

✪ The poetry of DAVID MORTON is well known to readers of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR. From the Azores, Mr. Morton writes: " 'Happy countries have no history.' I am still spending my time writing poems and teaching modern literature. In the poetry department, I have just finished a new book; in the teaching department, my students are members of the Air Force, working for their degrees in our college out here."

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The Discipline Trap

MARSTON BATES

PSYCHOSEMANTICS, to borrow Mr. Thurber's word, is certainly a promising field for study. Among other things, I think we need to give more attention to the problem of allergies to words. It is probably too much to hope that we will find a cheap and reliable cure; but the study might at least give word allergies the same respectability that other kinds of allergies have. A guest can explain to his hostess that he is allergic to strawberries and expect to be forgiven for not eating her shortcake. With a more general understanding of psychosemantics, perhaps the guest could expect equal sympathy and courtesy when he explains that he is allergic to "behavioral sciences."

Lately I have become increasingly aware of my own allergic reactions to words. There are no physical symptoms. I haven't actually thrown up, developed a skin rash, or started to sneeze as a consequence of exposure to any particular word. I have noticed that sneezing fits may be brought on by exposure to other people's kodachromes or to home movies; and sometimes, at committee meetings, I have to blow my nose repeatedly even though the room is quite free of drafts. But these are best classified as situational allergies—a rather different category of ills. With me, the nearest thing to a physical symptom in the case of an allergy to a word is a slight tendency to flinch on hearing the word. And with long practice I think I have learned to cover this up. I notice that some of my friends become flushed and incoherent when exposed to particular words. The phrase "general education" is particularly good for testing this sort of reaction in academic circles.

Even though, in allergies to words, the physical symptoms may

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be trivial, the mental symptoms can be distressing. *Discipline* has become one of my biggest problems. It is a hard word to avoid today in the environment of American universities. I listen attentively to the dean until, with a sort of inevitability, he makes some remark about the "necessity of developing cross-understandings among the scholarly disciplines," or a fellow professor, in a discussion of curriculum, emphasizes the importance of giving the student a "rigorous training in the discipline of history" (or sociology or zoology or whatever department he may represent). Despite all my good intentions, I lose the thread of the discourse when that word appears and start visualizing a little boy standing shamefacedly in front of the class with teacher about to rap his knuckles with the ruler. Or, instead of thinking about the problems of teaching history or zoology, my mind slips to the ordered world of barracks and prisons.

The *Oxford English Dictionary* is often helpful and soothing when one is faced with word problems. This treatment, however, was of no help in the case of *discipline*. The word was there, all right, with the usual long array of definitions and fascinating examples of usage. I located my trouble easily; it was with the word in the sense of the second meaning as listed in the *O.E.D.*: "A branch of instruction or education; a department of learning or knowledge; a science or art in its educational aspect." All very well; but this definition was followed with the italicized comment, *archaic*. This startled me. I don't know what words people used around Oxford in the days when that volume of the *O.E.D.* was put to press, but in American university circles today the word is prevalent, archaic or not. It is easier to avoid ragweed pollen in August than it is to avoid disciplines on an American campus.

My allergy has undoubtedly made me unusually sensitive about disciplines. But even after making allowance for my own peculiarities, it still seems to me that there is something peculiar about the revival and spread of the word itself. When—properly desensitized—I try to analyze this conviction, I think I find the word serving as a convenient and conspicuous sign for certain important trends in our intellectual life. Two rather different but curiously related phenomena may be distinguished—one indicated by *discipline* as a separate and unmodified word, and the other by the derivative adjective, *interdisciplinary*.

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It seems to me that the tendency to talk about academic disciplines (meaning "departments of knowledge") is closely related to the tendency to try to make a profession out of each kind of knowledge. For this tendency, there is an abundance of evidence. In many of the sciences, at least, this is an open, self-conscious development. There is much discussion at the meetings of scientific societies about ways in which workers in some particular science may attain or maintain "professional status." This is, of course, particularly true where the science has important applied aspects. The pressures for professionalization in the applied fields are easy enough to see, and despite the sometimes openly expressed scorn of "pure" scientists for "applied" scientists in the same field of knowledge, there is a carry-over both of pressures and responses. The context and connotation of *profession* and *discipline* thus tend to become similar in these discussions, although there are some differences in usage. I think I most often encounter *profession* in talk about things like entomology and psychology, and *discipline* in talk about history and anthropology; but the words, in academic discourse, are frequently interchangeable.

This trend toward professionalization shows up in many ways. Graduate studies, for instance, are frequently called "training programs." We want students to be trained in a discipline—or a profession. This doesn't sound so bad if it is said rapidly enough. After all, an important part of education is the acquisition of skills, often very different and specialized skills for different kinds of intellectual and creative work. I can't object to training in a skill, in a technique, in a method. These things can be learned and taught, and they frequently involve discipline in another sense, discipline of mind or of muscle. But the training so easily carries over from the skills to the ideas, the attitudes, the content and limitations of a field of knowledge. When we start talking about "training in a discipline" we can, I suspect, easily come to mean *indoctrination* and we all know that is a bad word—for very good reasons.

It is no longer a joke to refer to the Ph.D. degree as a union card. True, in most cases the degree is a guarantee of a certain minimum training in skills and of a certain minimum aggregation of factual knowledge, but I think no one would regard it as an indication of intellectual independence, as a sure sign of the inquir-

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ing mind, as a label for the creative and original thinker. We give lip service to all these values; yet when we come to hire a university teacher, we want a man with a Ph.D. degree, taking this as an indication of sound training. I am laboring a much belabored point, but the admitted and condemned evils of the system seem to continue to grow.

In connection with *discipline* as *profession*, it is interesting to note the increasing use of *laymen* for people not belonging to a particular discipline. The whole cult of discipline carries with it a warm feeling of belongingness. This feeling is fortified in many ways, but perhaps most outstandingly, for each discipline, by the development of its particular argot. With technical vocabulary I have no quarrel, but in many departments of knowledge the vocabulary development has gone far beyond the needs for precision or economy of expression. To one not specialized in that department of knowledge, it looks as though the function of the terminology is to give cohesiveness and identity to the members of the in-group. To belong, one must master the argot, but I might add the word of warning that mere familiarity with the argot is no guarantee of acceptance by either thieves or scholars.

There is something wrong about this business of trying to make a profession out of each department of scholarship, and I think this is one cause of my uneasiness about the revival and spread of the word *discipline*. There is, perhaps reasonably, a conscious or subconscious envy of the professions among scholars. Medicine, law, engineering and the like have achieved both prestige and material reward. The historical process behind this is particularly clear in the case of medicine: tight organization, the imposition of high training standards, the development of guild spirit. The consequences in medicine have been beneficial not only to the physicians themselves, but to the public at large. One can plausibly argue that similar processes should have comparably beneficial results in other departments of knowledge.

This, I think, is confusing the application of knowledge with the development of knowledge. The distinction, certainly, is far from clear—witness any argument about pure versus applied science, or about art for art's sake. But, clear or not, I think there is a distinction. The development of knowledge requires a freedom,

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an unorthodoxy, perhaps even a perverseness, which contrasts with many of the connotations that a word like *discipline* has picked up in the course of its long history.

The professionalization of the different kinds of knowledge is closely connected with the concept of specialization—note the overlapping connotations of *professional* and *specialist*. The relation of the word *discipline* to specialization, however, is perhaps most clearly brought out by looking at the current vogue of the derivative word, *interdisciplinary*. In using this word, it seems to me that the people caught in the discipline trap have started searching for a way out, but still in terms of the vocabulary that got them into the trouble.

In the contemporary academic scene, it is easy to find all sorts of evidence for both trends: the trend toward the development of specialization, of compartmentation, symbolized by the use of *discipline*; and the trend toward generalization, the search for relationships, symbolized by *interdisciplinary*. Sometimes I feel overwhelmed by the disciplines and their devotees, by the specialized scholars with their rigorous methodologies and trade secrets and special passports for the road to that heaven which is called "understanding." But then again I am impressed by the opposite: by the universality of the search for ways out of the trap of specialization, by the discontent with the traditional ways of patterning knowledge. The discontent and the consequent search for new patterns, for interrelationships, for a basis for the unity of knowledge, seem to be growing. If you wanted to be nasty, you might call it the "current fashion."

The development of interdisciplinary activities in the contemporary scholarly world is really astonishing when you examine it. It must be a response to a widely felt need—a need felt by both institutions and individuals. It is commonplace gossip that if you want a foundation grant, it is a good idea to give your project an interdisciplinary slant. Both foundations and universities are experimenting (in a gingerly fashion) with changes in the conventional ways of structuring knowledge—with departments of human relations, programs in behavioral sciences and the like. The National Research Council and the National Science Foundation, faced with the really tangled and thorny growth of special disci-

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plines within the biological sciences, have tried to clear away the whole mess and replace it with a new and more orderly vocabulary. Instead of dealing with ecology, physiology, entomology, embryology and the endless other special "ologies," they are trying to arrange their programs in terms of environmental biology, developmental biology, molecular biology and the like.

Interdisciplinary seminars and conferences, under foundation or university auspices, have reached epidemic proportions. Anyone showing the slightest interest in relating his kind of knowledge to some other kind of knowledge needs considerable skill in the gentle art of saying "no" if he is to avoid spending all of his time either at conferences or on airplanes between conferences. These conferences are of all sizes and shapes: they may be rather narrowly focused on the problem of finding relationships and common understanding between two particular disciplines that clearly deal either with the same or closely related subjects; or they may be searching for the common denominators of such broad concepts as the sciences and the humanities; or, like the final conference in the bicentennial celebration of Columbia University, they may search for the unity underlying all knowledge.

I can have no quarrel with this search for relationships, for generalization, for new patterns of scholarly interest. After all, these are institutional reactions to the same stimulus and the same need that have led so many of us individually into discontent with the traditional patterning of scholarship. I have attended my fair share of interdisciplinary conferences, and I think I have never failed to gain from them, to get new insights, new information, acquaintance with new personalities. We can't complain as individuals about there being too many conferences because there is no law requiring us to attend; if we get tired of conferences we have only to learn moderation in this as in other things. When we act, not as individuals, but as officers or advisors of sponsoring institutions, I think we need to question carefully the wisdom of any particular conference idea because conferences are not only common but expensive, and they are not necessarily the best way of spending a given sum of money.

Organized interdisciplinary discussions of various sorts, then, have surely contributed a great deal toward the broadened under-

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standing of the participating scholars. Yet, I have the impression that they have rarely lived up to the hopes of the conference sponsors. Again I wonder if the trouble isn't partly with the concept of discipline. When a meeting is labeled "interdisciplinary," one tends to select the participants as representatives of the various disciplines thought to be related to the ruling idea of the conference. The participants consequently tend to act like ambassadors from their respective disciplines, negotiating treaties of understanding. There may be a great deal of give and take, both of vocabulary and of concepts, but no representative is going to yield readily on any question that seems to involve the basic sovereignty of the particular discipline he represents.

There is a curious parallel here between disciplines and nations. The need for breaking down the traditional patterns is clear enough and urgent enough in both cases, yet the patterns seem paradoxically strengthened by the very efforts to break them down.

The nationalistic aspect of the disciplines comes out most clearly when they correspond with the departments of university organization. Botany, then, must keep a wary eye on zoology to be sure it doesn't get a bigger slice of the budget. Negotiations for an interdisciplinary course of instruction can be really complicated and protracted, since there must be a nice balance in teaching-fellows, professors, course content and the like. The result, almost inevitably, is an unsatisfactory patchwork of compromises.

University administrators have attempted to solve this problem in a variety of ways: "basic colleges" separated from the jurisdiction of department empires, nondepartmental institutes of various sorts, cross-departmental appointments, nondepartmental "university professorships," interdepartmental programs. A careful comparative study of these various experiments would be useful, although the author would probably have to be prepared to migrate to Australia on publication date.

But why am I fussing about these disciplines? Clearly we have to have some framework for knowledge, some system of classification. We have to organize our libraries and our curricula; we have to pay our scholars, and the budget has to be arranged according to some system of items. What is wrong with the present system?

Chiefly, I think, it is too rigid, too frequently a reflection of

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historical developments rather than of present needs, so that the interrelatedness of things tends to be obscured and thought to be hampered by a labeling process. The disciplines, instead of being regarded as useful but arbitrary conveniences for filing and sorting ideas, have taken on a sort of spurious reality, so that it is hard to avoid becoming slaves to the convenience.

I have talked about this often with social scientists: they have allowed their field to grow into a patchwork of disciplines that looks to me as arbitrary and bewildering as the patchwork of the biological sciences. They are, however, self-critical and highly articulate people; and in their development of the sociology of knowledge, they have come to be preoccupied with the kind of problem that I am writing about here.

One of them, in support of the idea that the disciplines, with their self-perpetuating training programs, were tending to impose limits on original thought, pointed out the frequency with which major advances in knowledge have been made by "marginal men." The concept of the marginal man, who doesn't quite belong and who has made his own way, fits many circumstances including, I think, scholarly specialization. Unfortunately I haven't kept any statistics, but I have been interested in noting how many eminent scholars, when asked about their own education, turn out not to have had "sound training" in their field of specialization—though they frequently make sure that this defect will not be present in their own students. Even more surprisingly, they usually take a dim view of applicants for graduate work who haven't had "proper preparation" in the particular field. From looking at the systems of prerequisites and requirements in our college catalogues, I get the impression that the whole purpose is to catch the student in the trap of a particular discipline as soon as possible and keep him there forever. The marginal men are certainly not being encouraged; but maybe this is not necessary.

Another social scientist, replying to my doubts about the disciplines, said, "What you want is the 'problem approach.'" I've turned that over in my mind for some time now. It is true that almost any question that you take up, any line of investigation that you start to follow, soon cuts across the boundaries of the conventional disciplines; any understanding may require information and

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ideas from a variety of divergent sources. Examples are endless. The first that occurs to me involves a friend—a psychologist—who got interested in a group of chemicals called "porphyrins," first I believe because he found something unusual about them in the urine of schizophrenics. The porphyrins led him all over the place, and the last I knew he was studying their role in nitrogen fixation in the roots of beans. He has continued to be specialized—he strongly and rightly defends the need for specialized knowledge—but he has not allowed himself to be caught in any particular verbal trap.

I don't see, however, that the problem approach could be used to replace the pattern of disciplines. Perhaps it serves best as a supplement, as a constant reminder of the arbitrariness of our way of compartmenting knowledge, giving us at times an alternative way of making our divisions. The "area programs" that are developing in many of our universities serve, or could serve, this purpose.

Sometimes I feel that I would like to sweep away the whole vocabulary for classifying knowledge and start in with some quite different and, hopefully, more logical scheme. The present system, which separates and contrasts the sciences and the humanities, for instance, seems both illogical and misleading. Wouldn't we gain if we could view the sciences as a part of the humanities? The sciences, to me, form one of the ways in which man seeks to gain understanding of himself and the world around him. They are, then, proper materials for the humanist, who is trying to evaluate and compare and judge these ways of understanding. Physics and biology surely provide basic stuff for the critical mind of the humanist, as do literature and music. Only science, to its own misfortune, is presently out of bounds for him.

But if we did come up with some new scheme it would surely presently become as arbitrary and as hampering as anything we have now. Perhaps the problem isn't so much that we have the wrong classification of knowledge as it is that we take our classification too seriously. Maybe there is an element of word magic here, so that *anthropology* and *zoology* and *history* tend to become real things, solid traps for our minds. But they are only words and Humpty Dumpty long ago showed how to deal with such.

And *discipline*? It's just a word, too. But it is a hard, angular and serious word, even if it is archaic.

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If You Don't Mind My Saying So . . . . . .

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Throughout history most men at most times have had too little food, too little clothing, too few tools, and inadequate shelters. Nearly always they would have been better off intellectually and spiritually if they had had more. So, undoubtedly, would many individuals and many communities today.

Ours, on the other hand, is the first society which, as a whole, ever recognized nimiety rather than deficiency as a major problem. And of all the novel aspects of man's present condition in the United States, this is the most puzzling. Even the commonest Common Man, who would never dream of analyzing the situation, is aware that it exists. And it has so profoundly affected not only his "standard of living" but his whole philosophy of life that the material consequences may in the end be less important than the immaterial.

In any case, I gladly leave these material consequences to the economists. They may speak with bland complacency of "the economy of abundance" or they may point out, a little less optimistically, that "the problem" has shifted from "production" to "distribution." They may even take reluctantly a further step and confess that the time may be coming when nimiety will be absolute in the sense that the widest and most equitable distribution will still be insufficient to consume what we have learned to produce. And if anyone is simple-minded enough to ask why we couldn't just stop producing so much, the economist will reply, still more reluctantly, that this is precisely what we can't afford to do because prosperity depends upon full employment, full employment means prodigious production, and any cutting down would soon plunge us into the deepest of depressions. Of all the paradoxes of abundance, the most amazing is the fact that you can't have enough without having too much.

All this, however, is the economist's problem. The humanist must be content, as he always is, to deal with what the economist is likely to call the mere epiphenomena going under such names as "moral ideas," "emotional attitudes," and "concepts of the seemly or proper." In this case, however, they constitute the whole intellectual and emotional complex associated with getting and spending—including the attitudes toward profusion and waste, toward the meaning of prudence, the characteristics of "socially helpful behavior," and the very extent to which it is praiseworthy rather than ignoble to make the getting of more and more material things a principal goal of living. And since all of these play a large part in determining what the humanist considers most important in the life of a human being, it may well seem to him that what he would call the "moral consequences of abundance" is a very important subject.

Even those Marxists and quasi-Marxists who maintain that moral ideas have no importance except as they reflect or fail to reflect the realities of an economic situation will hardly care to deny that the recent revision of these moral ideas is in its own way as drastic as the change from abundance to scarcity which necessitated it, or that the revision seems to have been accomplished with remarkable thoroughness and speed.

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Throughout most of man's known history many of his moral ideas have "reflected" (even if they were nothing but a reflection) the fact that most necessities, conveniences and luxuries were in short supply. He has always been taught and he has always been prone to believe that for either an individual or a nation a sound economy (in the technical sense) was based upon economy (in the popular sense). An aversion to waste and to any profusion which suggests waste, a disapproval of "unnecessary expenditure," a sense that it is better to use up rather than to throw away, an inclination to save for the future—all these were counted aspects of the prudential virtues; and in so far as they went along with the conviction that material goods were less important than immaterial, they were at least related to the theological virtues as well. If this complex was merely a consequence of scarcity and is quite irrelevant to the conditions of modern life, human beings were nevertheless so thoroughly conditioned to it and it was so firmly embedded in literature, as well as in folk sayings, that one might have expected a drastic revision to be slow and difficult.

Yet, the revision has been made almost before anyone was aware of what was happening. Nowadays professional, middle-class and working-class people very commonly live with what their fathers would have thought wasteful profusion. They do not use up their automobiles, but buy new ones when the styling of the chrome trimmings change; and they do not save, but buy on credit instead. What is more important from the standpoint of the humanist is the fact that if they think at all about these practices or respond to questioning about them, they will defend them on grounds which are those of the new economy. To economists a refusal to be profuse is a failure to do one's part in keeping surpluses down. Not to buy a new car is to refuse to help keep the wheels of industry turning. To save rather than to buy up to the limit of one's credit is to invite depression. To despise material things, not to want as many conveniences and as many luxuries as you can possibly get is not to be high-minded; it is simply to refuse the responsibility every citizen now has to promote prosperity by participating in it.

Where did the average citizen learn these revolutionary truths (or rationalizations) so quickly? He might, of course, have learned them from the official economists or their interpreters. Not long ago, for instance, a syndicated financial columnist warned readers that there were signs of a business decline; and, with a great show of moral fervor, he urged them, if they had any concern for the public welfare, to start buying industriously on credit. But I suspect that the average citizen has learned most from the advertisers who are now so sure of their ground that they openly claim credit for what would formerly have been regarded as rather shabby tricks.

Since the great need is for ever-increasing consumption, it becomes a virtuous act not only to persuade people that the measure of a good life is the number of possessions involved, but also to encourage everybody to spend rather than to save, to waste wherever possible, and to discard everything while it is still as good as it ever was. The great task of any society used to be to satisfy needs. The great task of our society has become to create needs to be satisfied. As the head of one large New York advertising agency jubilantly pointed out a short time ago, a study has revealed that "of some 500 classified wants, only 96 are necessary." Moreover, these facts have been so generally accepted as illustrating a useful and encouraging truth that the same executive could go on, without fear of raising any public indignation, to make public the following brilliantly frank statement of the current doctrine:

"Perhaps the most dynamic and unique contribution of American economy to the world is . . . that, in a society which emphasizes psychological obsolescence, rather than physical wearing out of products [i.e., a society in which vacuum cleaners and auto-

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mobiles are discarded not because they are no longer as serviceable as they once were but because the trimmings are in the style of last year] we have helped to achieve the most productive economy in human history. . . . By creating a psychological desire to own—as opposed to that of necessity—advertising has increased the number of jobs available; raised the standard of living by reducing selling costs; increased company profits as well as security."

Whether or not that increase in man's "psychological desire to own" (i.e., in the extent to which he makes possessions the measure of the good life), which has created "the most productive economy in human history," is also creating the economy most productive of human values, he does not inquire. But neither, it appears, do many other people, since most take it for granted that a flourishing economy, not a flourishing human existence, is the *summum bonum*. Thus a United States senator was only voicing a commonplace when he recently urged upon a convention of advertising men their duty "to consistently improve its selling techniques" as a way of solving our major problem—which is, of course, how to get rid of things. But this senator went a good deal further than is usual in indicating his belief that the kind of education which the advertiser provides is more important than what is now provided by schools. "Advertisers and advertising men must take a more active interest in schools . . . what is taught and how. Wherever possible, they should participate in the classroom situation."

When Christianity proclaimed that humility, not pride, was the source of all virtue, it asked the world to accept what was probably the most drastic revision it has ever been called upon to make in its code of ethics. But second only to that is the transvaluation of values which the economy of abundance is now said to make necessary. All prudential moralists used to agree that to live within one's income was the first requisite for a materially secure existence, but prosperity now depends upon everyone's exceeding it. And all similar maxims have been similarly stood on their heads. Plain living, even if accompanied by high thinking, is a sort of treason—or un-American at the least. Conspicuous expenditure is no longer either vicious or even in bad taste; it is civic virtue. For your own as well as for the common good, go into debt as deeply as your creditor will let you. The new *Rich Richard's Almanac* bristles with aphorisms which can be formulated by the simple act of turning *Poor Richard's* upside down: "Waste or you will want." "The surest way of bringing on a rainy day is to prepare for it." And as usual it was an advertising man who succeeded better than any economist or philosopher in reducing the new wisdom to an imperative which even the unthinking can grasp. For an airline peddling vacations on credit he invented a slogan which has everything—brevity, simplicity and an irresistable appeal to the most childish of impulses. You may read it in almost any slick-paper magazine: "Have fun now; pay later."

Is this what the injunction "Take no thought of the morrow" has now come to mean? If our present condition is both desirable and one which can be perpetuated only by improvidence, waste, and the conspicuous expenditure of what one does not have, then are we back to Mandeville and "The Fable of the Bees": "Private vices; public benefits"? Is our situation such that in the realm of the practical only vice can pay off?

No doubt there are those who will say that if any of these questions make me uneasy it is only because I am a victim of the cultural lag to which humanists are especially prone and which is, as a matter of fact, the real essence of humanism. If, they will explain, I had any realistic gumption, I would perceive by now that virtues are always relative to a material situation, that there is nothing absolutely good about anything which I am accustomed to call good, and that if we are given the economy of

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abundance, then materialism, conspicuous expenditure, waste and improvidence have become not private vices, but private as well as public virtues. Yet, even if this were true, the fact would still remain that nearly everybody does a little cultural lagging and that there must be a great many who still remember enough of what they were formerly taught to be made uncomfortable when they realize how completely they have renounced ancient wisdom and how revolutionary is the adventure upon which they have embarked. We are always looking for reasons why this is an Age of Anxiety, and possibly it may be that this is one of them.

Moreover, and since I still am, for better or worse, a humanist, I suspect that the dependence of all moral truths on the external situation is at least not quite as simple and as direct as is sometimes said. I still believe that there are some conditions to which man adapts himself more easily, more comfortably and more fruitfully than he does to others, and that there is something in his fundamental nature to which the injunction "Love *things* above all else; learn to want more and more; waste rather than conserve; spend what you have not got" is repugnant—partly perhaps because he realizes how prone one-half of him is to do just that.

Take that simplest of formulations: "Have fun now; pay later." Let us grant for the sake of argument that the present situation really does make it wise and proper to put off until next year paying the bill for this year's vacation. How much further should the moral be generalized? How likely is one to conclude that in all situations and in respect to all kinds of fun it is wisdom to say, "Take the fun now and trust that tomorrow will pay?" Is there perhaps a general principle which rightly insists that such an attitude usually leads to calamity and does it suggest that there is something undesirable in a situation where the general principle seems inapplicable? If our present condition really does force upon us a pattern of economic behavior inconsistent with the pattern of behavior everywhere else advisable, then does that not suggest that this condition, for all its smiling aspects, is somehow dangerous? Does it not suggest that even prosperity is not worth the price if the price involves violating those principles of wisdom which everywhere else are valid?

One thing seems clear. When man's first duty comes to be consumption, he suffers a strange loss of dignity, and not only he but the coming generation come to be valued chiefly in terms of their potentiality as voracious consumers. One advertising executive exulted publicly over what he called the present "bumper crop of babies" which will soon be ready to be taught "psychological needs" and the mystery of "psychological obsolescence." According to one of the leading "magazines of business," the cigarette and whiskey manufacturers, who suffer from the fact that only the "lean crop" of the depression years is now coming into maturity as a consumer of their wares, are "anxiously eying the years when the bumper crop [apparently the accepted phrase] of World War II babies—now helping dairy, food and shoe companies ring up record-breaking sales—become old enough to take up smoking and drinking."

At various times, various cultures have assigned their own characteristic reasons for believing in the sacredness of human life and in the value of each individual man. Once it was that every man had an immortal soul. In less religious but romantic ages it was usually that he had a unique personality. Then in societies dominated by utilitarian thought, it became that he could produce something. But now, at last, it is only that he can use something up. Scorn not the Common Man, says the Age of Abundance. He may have no soul; his personality may be exactly the same as his neighbor's; and he may not produce anything worth having. But, thank God, he consumes. He eats baby food in infancy, begins to smoke and drink in adolescence, and understonds psychological obsolescence when he grows up. He performs his essential function, and we honor him for it.

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..... The Revolving Bookstand .....

Several months ago, in preparing a special book section for this anniversary issue, we asked a number of distinguished scholars, writers and thinkers to name that book published during the past quarter of a century which they believed to have been the most undeservedly neglected. We were aware, of course, that the phrase "the most undeservedly neglected" was open to various interpretations. What we had in mind was the selection of a book which, although of striking merit, did not seem to our correspondent to have received either the critical recognition or the general audience that he or she believed it to deserve. Some of our participants stated that after giving the matter much thought they simply could not think of such a book. One writer went so far as to say that he would prefer to list those books which deserved neglect. A large majority, however, sent us their nominations.

At the same time we asked a group of American publishers to name that book or those books of the past quarter of a century with which each was most happy to have been associated or to have published. These comments follow those on the most neglected books.

—THE EDITORS

NEGLECTED BOOKS

If I may be permitted five years' leeway, I'd like to nominate *The Time of Man.* This novel by Elizabeth Madox Roberts was published in 1926 (Viking), and though it was one of the early choices of the Book-of-the-Month Club and had an excellent critical reception, it has not, in my estimation, been sufficiently kept in mind during the intervening years as one of the most distinguished American novels ever published. I would place it in a list of our ten best works of fiction for its extraordinary blending of poetry and realism, its acute psychology and its quality of universal truth.

J. DONALD ADAMS

In the field of Latin-American letters, I cannot understand why more attention has not been given to *America of José Martí: Selected Writings* (Noonday, 1954). One of the greatest writers of America, Martí had a clearer vision of the United States than any other Latin-American writer.

An anthology similar to this one was received with great enthusiasm when it was published in France. The Russians, using articles in which Martí criticized the dirty politics of New York City at the end of the nineteenth century and the American big stick and manifest destiny policies, have presented him as an enemy of the United States in anthologies published in the languages of all the Iron Curtain countries. Actually, Martí was a most ardent champion of freedom, and among his works are to be found some of the most eloquent pages ever written about Lincoln and Whitman. They also include delightful impressions of New York. This book should be on the shelves of all school and university libraries in the United States. But it is not, and this inexplicable neglect is in striking contrast to the unscrupulous use which Moscow has made of his name.

GERMÁN ARCINIEGAS

Edith Hamilton's *Witness to the Truth: Christ and His Interpreters* (Norton, 1948) is the most neglected book of which I am personally aware. Although it was reviewed appreciatively and, according to the publishers, had a pleasant sale for a couple of years, it is now out of print.

It has made the most profound impression on me and on several friends to whom I have sent copies. Without being in any sense a crusading or pious book, it pene-

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trates through the mystification that surrounds the name of Christ to the simplicities of His teaching. Although Miss Hamilton is a prodigious classical scholar, she writes with modesty, humility and kindliness. *Witness to the Truth* is the most illuminating book on Christ and Christianity that I have read.

BROOKS ATKINSON

I presume "undeservedly neglected" means a book which I thought perfectly marvelous, but which most others, evidently, did not. I put the question to memory, and in memory Geoffrey Dennis' *The End of the World* (Simon and Schuster, 1930) immediately begins making a most outrageous bobbery.

It is really an epic poem, although written in various kinds of prose, from skittish to dithyrambic. It treats of the greatest of subjects: How? When? Which first? What after? It does so by means of a glorious space-time imagination, prickling humor and strange learning, sounded forth in mighty organ-tones, its diapason sounding full on man. And it has one of the finest last lines in literature.

MORRIS BISHOP

The most undeservedly neglected book I can think of is William Faulkner's *Pylon* (H. Smith and R. Haas, 1935), which has been received, even by Faulknerians, as second-rate Faulkner. First contact with it contributes to this neglect and disparagement. It seems like a kind of bad fiddle, like a monotonous whine. But if you are patient with it, the novel opens up and there are all sorts of variations and richnesses. But one has to listen for it, as one has to in difficult music. Afterward, the whine becomes lyric. It is a poem, told in one deep, intense, anxious breath. The gray nightmare gradually dissolves into flesh and blood, head and heart, ecstasy and humiliation. And it has some of the deepest insight and vision into the business of the flying machine and the men who ride them. I was never the same about planes after *Pylon*, and the truth is that Faulkner made me know them as live and fearsome flying animals.

HARVEY BREIT

Roderick Seidenberg's suggestive inquiry, *Posthistoric Man, an Inquiry* (University of North Carolina Press, 1950), into the possible future of mankind deserved, I think, something of the same kind of critical consideration Toynbee received. At the very least, his "hard" approach should have been a useful antidote, along with C. D. Darwin's *The Next Million Years*, to the "soft" approach of Toynbee, Northrop and other prophets of doom. Perhaps a reader who gives Seidenberg, Darwin and Harrison Scott Brown (*The Challenge of Man's Future*) equal attention with Toynbee, Spengler, Sorokin and the rest of the philosophers of history may even conclude that we do not really *know* a great deal about the future of mankind. I do not think that this would be an altogether unfortunate conclusion.

CRANE BRINTON

Leaving to men of letters the many "creative" and seminal books that have probably not received their due, and keeping within my professional orbit, I would nominate Hyder Rollins' masterly edition of Shakespeare's *Sonnets* (Lippincott, 1944). This was not, of course, a popular book, and size and cost as well as wartime publication help to explain the paucity of its reviews. At any rate, no work of literature has evoked more fantasies than the *Sonnets*, and Rollins' encyclopedic analysis of the problems, his cool and astringent presentation of sense and nonsense, stands as a solid corrective to ignorance and extravagance.

DOUGLAS BUSH

I think *Union Now: A Proposal for a Federal Union of the Democracies of the North Atlantic* (Harper, 1939) by Clarence K. Streit is the most undeservedly neglected book of the past quarter-century. The book, of course, was quite considerably noticed, and the Federal Union movement has made some progress. But, in point of fact, this

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book may be one of the turning points in history. We may look back to it as the clearest and most compelling statement of the urgent need of Western unity if civilization is to survive.

If I may add a companion book in the same field, I would mention *World Order* (*Civitas Dei*), (Oxford, 1939) by Lionel Curtis.

ERWIN D. CANHAM

I know of no book of poems more unjustly neglected than *Intellectual Things*, the slim first collection of poems by Stanley Kunitz (Doubleday, Doran, 1930). And even though most of the poems were reprinted in *Passport to the War* (Henry Holt, 1944), Kunitz still remains an almost unknown and unread poet. At his best, as in the first four lines of the poem "Deciduous Branch," Kunitz tunes a lyric passage as sweetly as any in English. His achievement is not constant, and that fact—along with his unpretentiousness and his fiercely intellectual sense—may account for his neglect, but the collection is studded with gems that should not be missed.

JOHN CIARDI

It may seem strange to consider that any book by Whitehead could be neglected. I am using the word "neglect" in relation both to the inherent merits of the book and to its relevance to the rapidly changing world around us with its gathering momentum. No book could offer more guidance on the basic perspective in which we should view this world and on how to adjust our knowledge and experience of the past to the problems of a new world, all happening in one generation, than Whitehead's *Adventures of Ideas* (Macmillan, 1933). "Without adventure civilization is in full decay." From a large library in Canada, this book was borrowed twice in 1952, four times in 1953, twice in 1954, and not again till I sought it recently. The North American continent would be immeasurably the bet-

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ter able to meet its new and exciting problems if it were more fully seized of the vision of this gallant spirit.

DOUGLAS COPLAND

May I go back as far as 1929, when John Burnet's *Essays and Addresses* were published in London (Chatto and Windus). This collection of essays by a professor of Greek who was both a humanist and a scientist seems to me to contain some of the most searching discussion of education I have ever read. Burnet was concerned with the interrelationship between language, philosophy and the history of science, and with the conditions under which any study could become part of a liberal education. The two essays on "Humanism in Education" and "Ignorance" should be required reading at every teachers' college in America.

DAVID DAICHES

Your request is, unfortunately, addressed to a former novelist. So, if I were to pick out the most undeservedly neglected book of the past quarter of a century, I should have to pick out any one of a half-dozen of my own.

Of others, I should select W. Olaf Stapledon's *Last and First Men: A Story of the Near and Far Future* (J. Cape and H. Smith, 1931). Though a remarkably brilliant view of the next two billion years of human history (as they might be, but not necessarily will be), it seems to be now retired to the interesting but unimportant classification of science fiction.

ELMER DAVIS

That my "neglected book" must be a novel and that it must come from the thirties, I never doubted. The absurd theorizing about "proletarian fiction" almost guaranteed that when a really good book appeared, the critics would not be able to see it through the dust they were busy kicking up. But whether to choose Henry Roth's *Call It Sleep* (Ballou, 1934), Nathanael West's *A Cool Million* (Covici, Friede, 1934) or John Peale Bishop's *Act of Darkness* (Scribner's, 1935) as rendering with the most precision and ferocity the terror of those times was a more difficult matter. Bishop and West have, after all, achieved reputations, though not for the works I prefer; but Roth has almost disappeared from view. *Call It Sleep* came out in 1934 when he was twenty-seven; since then he has had, as far as I know, only two little pieces in the *New Yorker*: minor reworkings of the vein of his novel—the coming to moral consciousness of a Jewish-American boy in New York.

For sheer virtuosity, *Call It Sleep* is hard to beat; no one has ever distilled such poetry and wit from the counterpoint between the maimed English and the subtle Yiddish of the immigrant. No one has reproduced so sensitively the terror of family life in the imagination of a child caught between two cultures. To let another year go by without reprinting it would be unforgivable.

LESLIE A. FIEDLER

In 1945 John Bartlett Brebner's *The North Atlantic Triangle* (Yale University Press) appeared as the last of a series on Canadian-American relations. It was commended by reviewers as a summary of the series and a contribution in its own right. But textbook writers continued making the same old errors about Canada. I have seen no work that equally caught the majestic sweep in the march of the Siamese twins across a vacant continent or so deftly wove geography and economics into the web of history. England is given its due place in a "masterpiece of synthesis and interpretation." Here for historian, citizen and statesman is presented the core of any viable Atlantic community.

GUY STANTON FORD

There are books we democrats cannot read without wincing, yet must read because without them we flatter our system and lead it astray. One is Elie Halévy's *l'Ere des tyrannies: Etudes sur le socialisme et la guerre* (Paris: Gallimard, 1938); but more instructive because it comes out of that Germanic culture that sets the collectivity higher than the person is Fritz Kaphahn's

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edition of Jacob Burckhardt's correspondence published under the title, *Jacob Burckhardt, Briefe zur Erkenntnis seiner geistigen Gestalt* (Leipzig: A. Kröner, 1935). I know that as often as I go back to this granite humanist I shall not be the dupe of my own optimism when I consider the problem of liberty in democracy.

LEWIS GALANTIÈRE

At first your request filled me with delight. It seemed to provide an unparalleled opportunity for that mildly erudite snobbishness which is one of the innocent but precious joys of all of us who call ourselves scholars. I set myself to recall an obscure book with a profound title about which I could write some gravely perceptive words. Unfortunately I couldn't think of one. To invent a title would not be scholarly.

A second possibility occurred to me. Was not this the chance, in keeping with the mood of the times, to reveal a deeply spiritual side? One should come up with a Norman Vincent Peale who blushes unseen. Unhappily none does. All are on the best-seller lists. In any case, for the spiritual side of life we have the present Administration.

Then I thought I might do something for a friend. Most of them, however, seem to have had as much attention as they deserve and my next-door neighbor, to his astonishment, won the Pulitzer Prize. I had actually written a touching appreciation of *The New England Mind* by Professor Perry Miller, a book which I intend to read, when I noticed his name on your letterhead. That shows he is not neglected.

Next I confess to having considered whether I might better myself with one of my Harvard superiors. Mr. Conant wrote books on education, but he is no longer president. Mr. Pusey is evidently a man of restraint. The dean helped Stimson with his memoirs, but both got a great deal of attention. Indeed that is partly why he is dean. The chairman of my department, Professor Seymour Harris, has written books

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but they have not been overlooked. On the contrary, they couldn't be climbed over.

I have, I will frankly tell you, a secret conviction about one or two of my own books. But here modesty and a certain sense of the seemly intervene to oppose candor. You will see how I have tried and how I have been defeated.

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

You ask one who has been reporting a book a day for more than twenty-five years to name offhand the "most undeservedly neglected book of that period." Ridiculous! The honest answer, of course, is that I too must have neglected it. But one possible candidate comes to mind: William Brewster's *Concord River* (Harvard University Press, 1936), by a man who knew Concord's woods, fields and ponds better than Thoreau and shared an inner ecstasy with John Muir. Brewster did not write for publication; his book wasn't pumped for the trade. Like Thoreau's, Brewster's journals saw publication only after his death. They await rediscovery.

LEWIS GANNETT

John Maynard Keynes's *Treatise on Money* (Harcourt, Brace, 1930) is an important book which did not get the attention that it deserved, perhaps because several years later the author wrote the twentieth century's most influential book in economics, *The General Theory of Employment, Interest, and Money.*

Yet the *Treatise on Money* has the germs of the more important later book. Its emphasis was on the treatment of unemployment. The crucial determinant of windfall profits or losses was the relation of savings and investment: where savings exceed investment, losses follow and unemployment results. Not having profited from the experience of the depression, Keynes tended to put more emphasis on reducing the rate of interest as a means of increasing investment than he was to do later. And although he had not yet fully developed his theory of liquidity preference as a factor neutralizing the effect of monetary creation in bringing a country out of a depression, the germ of this theory is in the *Treatise.* Here relying more on monetary policy than he did later, he gave only hints of the possibility of using fiscal policy as a weapon in the attack on depressions.

The *Treatise* also includes theoretical support for what was to become the International Monetary Fund, a definitive statement of the transfer problem, numerous suggestions which were to prove fertile in the application of internal and external monetary policy, and one of the most masterly surveys of economic history tied to a theoretical framework.

SEYMOUR E. HARRIS

Hermann Hesse's long novel of ideas, *Das Glasperlenspiel,* has been most unfortunately neglected in this country. The reasons are not far to seek: the book is static, and the title of the English translation—*Magister Ludi* (Holt, 1949)—somewhat forbidding. It evokes the disinterested life of the mind, symbolized in the province of Castalia and the "bead game" itself, in lucent prose and in some of Hesse's most moving verse. The theme of the book, set within a simple fable, is the value, and the limitation, of the ideal of pure intellect. The novel is a protest against the barbarism of recent years. I approached it half expecting to be bored, but was held and charmed by it.

HENRY C. HATFIELD

The fate of *The Night of Time* by René Fülop-Miller (Bobbs-Merrill, 1955) puzzles me more than that of any other book of this period with which I am familiar. A striking and vivid novel about war that transcends the all too familiar limitations of this genre, *The Night of Time* was ignored or misunderstood by all but a handful of critics and reviewers, and had a very small distribution. Yet this book is, I believe, an "undiscovered classic," certainly one of the most extraordinary novels that I have ever read. Its Chaplinesque hero, Adam Ember, is one of those creations (like Don Quixote, Falstaff, Faust, Tartuffe) who

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EDITOR

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MAY 8, 1956

Dear Mr. Knopf:

At a recent meeting of the Editorial Board of *The American Scholar* it was agreed that for our Autumn twenty-fifth anniversary number we would have a number of special features and that among various contributions to the Book Section for that number, we would like to have brief notes (only a sentence or two) from seven or eight of our most distinguished publishers telling what book seems, in each case to that publisher, the one he is proudest of among all those he has published in the past twenty-five years.

You are one of the publishers chosen by the Board. We hope very much that you will be able to contribute, some time, say, within the next month, a brief statement of this sort.

MAY 14, 1956

Dear Hiram—let's not be formal

Don't you think I get into trouble enough through my notorious frank talk and frequent indiscretions? I do. Besides which, twenty-five years is an awful long time as AAK, Inc., goes, and it would be really invidious for me to pick out one book.

MAY 29, 1956

Dear Alfred:

I have no choice but to accept your very graciously worded refusal. I realize, of course, that for a publisher to pick one book and say 'this is the greatest' is to invite real trouble. That was not actually our intention. We had thought, but perhaps had not phrased the idea well, that if a publisher had an old favorite or several old favorites—particularly, perhaps, among the illustrious dead—he would not have too much trouble with his current authors over such a choice. However, I shall not press you further, of course.

JUNE 1, 1956

Dear Hiram:

What's a man going to do when among his authors no longer living are Thomas Mann, Willa Cather, Sigrid Undset, and H. L. Mencken—to go no further?

JUNE 13, 1956

Dear Alfred:

What a man might do under the circumstances you describe is unpredictable, but when that man is Alfred Knopf I think I know exactly what he is going to do and I concede. It's been a pleasure to correspond with you anyway.

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could well assume a life beyond the context of the book in which he appears, to become a prototype in Western culture.

HIRAM HAYDN

So many meritorious works have been "neglected" in the most abject sense of that word that it may seem absurd to mention a play that was given a Pulitzer Prize back in 1943 and has recently been revived on television; but there can be qualitative as well as quantitative neglect, and Thornton Wilder's *The Skin of Our Teeth* (Harper, 1942) is a case in point. In this country, though not in Europe, it has been looked upon chiefly as a bizarre kind of entertainment, a novelty that one either did or did not find amusing. Almost no one has pointed out that here is not only a play to be smiled at, but also a book to be thought about, a book in which a discerning author communicates his sense of the human condition.

GRANVILLE HICKS

My choice for the most undeservedly neglected book in political and social philosophy of the past twenty-five years is *Not Guilty: The Report of the Commission of Inquiry into the Charges Made Against Leon Trotsky in the Moscow Trials,* John Dewey, Chairman (Harper, 1938).

This book contains one of the most exhaustive and penetrating analyses of the philosophy and organization of communism. Its factual revelations about the tortures and deceptions of the Moscow Trials are now being confirmed by the Kremlin itself. Had *Not Guilty* been read and understood by the makers of American official policy before and during the Second World War, the history of our times would probably have been profoundly different. The publication of this book was a watershed of American liberalism. Since its publication no one has had any excuse for the view that the Communist movement at home or abroad belonged to the "left." It still makes fascinating reading as an exemplification of

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both brilliant use of scientific method and devotion to freedom.

SIDNEY HOOK

I have been racking my brain in an effort to answer your question about the most undeservedly neglected book of the last twenty-five years—without any success. Of the books I have read in that period I simply don't know which have been neglected undeservedly by others—or by myself for that matter; for I have an odd feeling that I have neglected everything while, at the same time, profiting by everything. So it would be as difficult for me to say which books have influenced me most profoundly as to say which I failed to appreciate the merit of.

ALDOUS HUXLEY

My favorite undeservedly neglected book appeared, as a matter of fact, just before THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR began its distinguished career. *To Begin With: Being Prophylaxis against Pedantry*, by Raymond Pearl, was first published in 1927 (Knopf), but it is more urgently needed today than it was then. In form it is a bibliography—but what a bibliography! It lives up to its subtitle, and no antibiotic is more effective against physical infection than this is against pedantry, that streptococcus of the spirit.

GERALD W. JOHNSON

The most important neglected book published within the last twenty-five years would seem to me to be Robert D. Feild's *The Art of Walt Disney* (Macmillan, 1942). Although other writers—for example, Gilbert Seldes—have said important things about the art of popular media, Mr. Feild's was the first close aesthetic analysis of a unique American art, that of the animated cartoon brought to a level of genuine artistic achievement. I have a feeling, though I cannot prove it, that other writers have leaned heavily on Feild, but Mr. Feild's book was allowed to go out of print without protest. Mr. Feild's approach was intelligent and sensitive—and, for that matter, still is. I think that neither the general reader nor the critic is aware of its importance today.

HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

I can't pretend that I know which is the *most* undeservedly neglected book of the last twenty-five years. But there is a wonderful novel about a little boy's first years in a Brooklyn jungle, *Call It Sleep*, by Henry Roth, which is the deepest and most authentic, and certainly the most unforgettable, example of this much-tried subject that I know. It was published by Ballou in 1934; the author never published another novel. But if you can imagine the patient sensibility of Wordsworth and the unself-conscious honesty of Dreiser brought to the shock of this environment upon the senses, you may have some inkling of the slowness, the patience and the strange inner serenity of this book—as of something won, very far deep within, against the conventional cruelties of modern city life.

ALFRED KAZIN

The really important political scientists have been poets. Mr. Donald Davidson, a poet and critic of high attainment, wrote one of the few perceptive political treatises of our century: *The Attack on Leviathan: Regionalism and Nationalism in the United States* (University of North Carolina Press, 1938). Perhaps a thousand copies were sold; the rest of the edition was destroyed, and the plates were melted down. But the book will endure. It is more than the chief accomplishment of the talented group called the Southern Agrarians: it is the most telling analysis in our time of the dread strength of Leviathan, that oppressive centralization which stifles liberty and art and all the proliferating variety of civilized existence. Some few have read Mr. Davidson's book; upon me, at least, it has exerted a strong influence; and its chapters have grown the more prescient as our discontents have grown more severe.

RUSSELL KIRK

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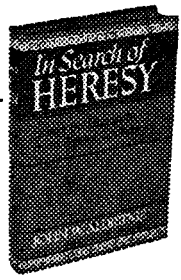

"Shows a splendidly integrated pugnacity toward all groups and coteries."
—CHARLES POORE, *New York Times*

A challenging new evaluation of the current literary scene by the author of *After the Lost Generation*. In this controversial, iconoclastic book Mr. Aldridge discusses the passing of the author as an individual and strikes out against low critical standards and literary pretense. Among the writers discussed are William Styron, Saul Bellow, J. D. Salinger, Ernest Hemingway and Malcolm Cowley. "A critic of courage . . . his book is welcome."—*Saturday Review Syndicate*. "Sturdy and studded with wit."—*Newsweek*

In Search of Heresy

American Literature
In An Age of Conformity
By JOHN W. ALDRIDGE
$4.00. MCGRAW-HILL

tary realism with a glow of incandescent humanity owes much to George R. Leighton, who first wrote the community "profiles" in his *Five Cities* (Harper, 1939) as magazine articles. The profiles (Shenandoah, Pennsylvania; Louisville, Kentucky; Birmingham, Alabama; Omaha, Nebraska; and Seattle, Washington) deal with the harsh side of a national experience now softened by intervening prosperity and forgetfulness; and the perspective they have in common, which permits America to be warmly perceived through its sorrows, seems to have been as lost on the late thirties as it now is on the fat-dripping fifties. The book was reissued once (as *America's Growing Pains*) and has since gone out of print, yet there are few to equal it in literal and emotional fidelity to the buried and anonymous half of our history that we have only theoretically digested.

ERIC LARRABEE

Conversation with the Earth by Hans Cloos has by no means been entirely neglected since the publication of the English translation (Knopf, 1953) of the original German edition that appeared in 1947. But it has certainly not received anything like the attention that was attracted a century ago by Hugh Miller's *Old Red Sandstone*, despite the close intellectual and spiritual kinship of the two. It surely deserves more recognition and a far wider audience than it seems thus far to have attracted. It is one of the few truly lasting books written for the general reader during recent years by a man of great scientific stature—an author who combines the scientist's stern habits of sober observation and strict deduction with the artist's gentle spirit of contemplation and empathy.

KIRTLEY F. MATHER

I may have been inattentive, but I am inclined to think that *Symbol and Metaphor in Human Experience* by Martin Foss (Princeton University Press, 1949) has not been sufficiently emphasized in the press.

MARIANNE MOORE

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VERBUM SAT SAPIENTI, RE "THE MANDARINS"

It will be a rare campus this Fall that does not vibrate with heated discussions about Simone de Beauvoir's best-selling novel, THE MANDARINS. Reference to THE MANDARINS is bound to crop up time and again in sessions on Literature, Philosophy, Politics, History, International Affairs, European Culture, Psychology, Religion and Sex.

Two Professor-Critics Give the Reasons

LON TINKLE, Southern Methodist University, Texas (in the *Dallas Morning News*):

"Like Thomas Mann, Simone de Beauvoir can write of ideas with drama. Hers is an intensely 'ideological' novel, but anchored in fully realized people.

"And these people are key characters. You see at once that her three chief figures are the three leading French existentialists: herself, Jean-Paul Sartre and Albert Camus.

"The most popular current courses on American college campuses are probably the 'Intellectual Histories,' the Intellectual History of America, the History of Ideas in the Western World, etc.

"Simone de Beauvoir and Sartre are both former professors of philosophy, or of intellectual history. What La Beauvoir offers us in THE MANDARINS is an intellectual history of France since the end of World War II."

PAUL ENGLE, State University, Iowa (in the *Chicago Tribune*):

"THE MANDARINS deals with those complex men and women in Paris at the end of the war who can properly be called 'intellectuals.' It is a tremendous revelation of the manner of thinking, and feeling, of a range of people holding many political points of view. And it contains what must be the longest, if indeed not the only, sustained love affair between a French woman and an American man, in Chicago."

It will probably be a good idea to keep your own copy of THE MANDARINS close at hand so that you can refer to it quickly and easily. If you have not already read it, begin now; it is a long book of more than 600 pages.

THE MANDARINS by Simone de Beauvoir

***At all bookstores* $6.00**

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NEW DIRECTIONS BOOKS
for Fall, 1956

September

A Bibliography of Dylan Thomas by Alexander Rolph $8.50

The Setting Sun by Osamu Dazai $3.00

The Holy Terrors by Jean Cocteau, translated by Rosamond Lehmann $3.00

In the Rose of Time Poems, 1930-1955 by Robert Fitzgerald $3.00

The Comedies of Lorca by Federico Garcia Lorca, translated by James Graham-Lujan and Richard L. O'Connell $3.75

Women of Trachis by Sophocles, translated by Ezra Pound $3.00

October

100 Poems from the Chinese by Kenneth Rexroth (trans.) $3.50

In Defense of the Earth by Kenneth Rexroth $3.00

The Sorrows of Priapus by Edward Dahlberg, illustrated by Ben Shahn
trade edition $6.50
limited edition $50.00

The Greek Anthology trans. by Dudly Fitts *(gift edition)* $3.00

The Laurels by Eduard Dujardin $3.00

November

Tower of Babel by Thomas Merton *(limited edition only)* $15.00

New Directions
333 Sixth Avenue • New York 14, N. Y.

It has become the normal fate of American boys to be drawn into the abnormalities of war. For no young people on earth does this mean a sharper break in experience—between the life of home and school and that of war's "community." What goes on within the mind—the personality structure—of the college student abruptly converted into the fighting man? *Serenade to the Big Bird* by Bert Stiles (Norton, 1952) sensitively answers that question about one member of the Army Air Force: Bert Stiles of Colorado who, at the age of twenty-three, was shot down on an escort mission over Germany. It is a book to read—and remember.

BONARO OVERSTREET

Mercy of the Court by Monica Porter (Norton, 1955) is a book for every adult who has known the term "juvenile delinquent" and who has come to believe that it reveals one of the most tragically unsolved problems of our time. Monica Porter here writes a story that sharpens our perceptions, enlarges our sympathies and gives perspective to our judgment. I myself have read countless pages about juvenile delinquency, but never before have I experienced through the printed page so poignant a caring as in this story of a delinquent boy perilously at bay in a Michigan court of law. This is a book that belongs with all enduring fiction because in its human essence it is enduringly true.

H. A. OVERSTREET

I doubt that there is such a thing as a work of great significance and of originality which remains totally neglected for several decades. It takes, for some, ten or twenty years to reach, or rather, to mold, through a few who then convert the many, their public (Shelley, Keats, Meredith, Hardy, Baudelaire, Stendhal, Proust). But few of us so-called critics would dare say that a certain hitherto neglected and buried literary work must be rescued from oblivion and rated as a masterpiece. This has happened in painting and in music, but seldom in literature.

However, we do, I believe, err in focusing

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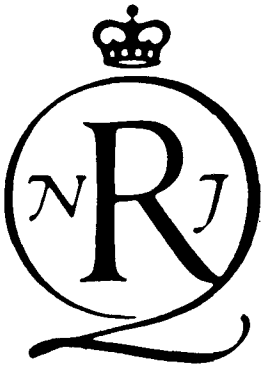

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Desegregation and the Law:

The Meaning and Effect of the School Desegregation Cases

By Albert P. Blaustein and Clarence Clyde Ferguson

From the Dred Scott case to the recent Supreme Court Decision, this impartial survey tells the story of the legal aspects of the segregation problem. Cases which resulted in the development of the law in the matter of Negro rights are described and appraised, and the doctrine of separate but equal facilities is carefully analyzed. Here is a factual and clarifying account of an often distorted problem. The authors are members of the Rutgers University Law Department. *November, $3.50*

Revolution in America:

Confidential Letters and Journals, 1776-1784, of Adjutant General Major Baurmeister of the Hessian Forces

Translated and annotated by Bernhard A. Uhlendorf

A first-hand narrative of the social, military and economic events of the Revolution. Free from patriotic ties to either side, Baurmeister was able to report with a cool and critical eye on the cross purposes in both the British headquarters and the American Congress. Publication of these translated journals makes accessible background information on the whole scope of the War for Independence.

Illustrated, Approx. 550 pages October, $9.00

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By Charles Diehl

Translated by Naomi Walford. *With an introduction and bibliography by Peter Charanis.* This is the first English translation of the French classic of scholarship. The famous historian examines both the history and social structure of Byzantium in an effort to explain its greatness, its decline and the nature of its contribution to world civilization. The first in a series of Byzantine studies. With text decorations by Fritz Kredel and numerous photographs. *October, $8.50*

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a great deal of attention on a few writers who thus become fashionable, and on certain works by writers of some fame, at the expense of other authors or other works whom or which we arbitrarily classify as "secondary." As an example, *Under the Volcano* by Malcolm Lowry (Reynal and Hitchcock, 1947) and *Look Down in Mercy* by Walter Baxter (Putnam, 1952) have appeared to me (and doubtless to many others) as very remarkable English novels, even as truly great novels, in the production of the last ten or fifteen years; but they have not been acknowledged as such by the majority of American critics. *In Dubious Battle* by John Steinbeck (Viking, 1936) and some of the short stories by the same author deserve, in my opinion, a very much higher place than they have been assigned by most reviewers; while other books by Steinbeck, which won generous acclaim, will, I believe, appear as secondary works, spoiled by lack of artistic restraint and by sentimentality. In another realm, there are a number of devotees of D. H. Lawrence's *Letters* (Viking, 1932) and of his long short stories, but far from enough; and even with the recent return to D. H. Lawrence sketched by upholders of "the great tradition" in Great Britain, the finest books by that writer appear to me to be unduly neglected or not to have yet reached their public.

In French literature, a case could legitimately be made for *Le Chant du Monde* by Jean Giono (Viking, 1937), and for *Partage de Midi* by Paul Claudel (Lausanne: Mermod, 1946)—the greatest dramatic work of the century in French, probably. Neither of these works has been neglected, to be sure; yet they have not been lauded, interpreted and read for what they are in towering far above the average output of good books, differing not only in degree, but in nature (which may well constitute the hallmark of genius) from "good" or "significant" books published in the last few decades. The former is no longer available in English translation; the latter has never been rendered into English.

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C A N A D A

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edged work, stating my own reasons for my admiration for it. I am reluctant to do that, because it would be pedantry to select a work of poetry (for example, by Pierre Reverdy) which I consider as extremely beautiful and to sing its praises for American readers who cannot be kept informed of esoteric or difficult poetical achievement done in other countries. But two points deserve to be made, which your anniversary issue may bring out:

1. The foreign works offered in translation to the American public are often very strangely selected, probably with an eye to their potential sales, which is natural, probably also in a very haphazard way. The English-reading public is thus deprived of translations from Claudel, Bernanos, Valéry, Cocteau, as it was for many years of translations from Svevo, Pavese, Lorca, Guillén; it loses much thereby.

2. Critics are fallible; book reviewers even more so. In most American newspapers and magazines (except quarterlies), reviews have to be written in great haste, before the date set for publication. There is no need to deplore it: it is inevitable, and offers advantages. But a magazine like THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR might do well, every five or ten years, to publish articles in which a critic would go over the novels, plays, poems, essays of the last few years, would point out what was extravagant or unjust or simply blind in the reviews which greeted a certain book, and note what books appear in the perspective of a decade or so to have been neglected. We woefully lack thoughtful articles periodically reappraising the work of even such celebrated authors as John Dos Passos, Eugene O'Neill, Hart Crane, Wallace Stevens, William Faulkner—none of them *méconnus*, to be sure—and yet. . . .

HENRI PEYRE

To my mind, the most undeservedly neglected book published during the last twenty-five years is *The Root and the Flower* (London: J. Cape, 1935), a philosophical novel in four parts by the late L. H. Myers. This intellectually exciting work is that exceedingly rare delight, a

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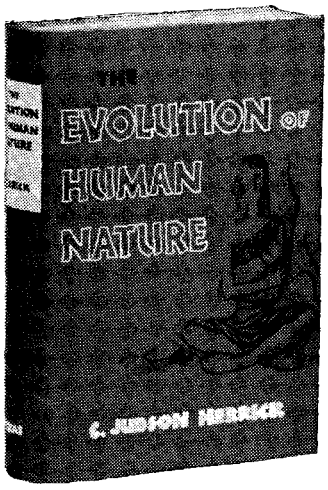

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M. F. Ashley Montagu, the distinguished anthropologist and writer, read this book in manuscript and commented as follows: "Professor Herrick's book represents the mature conclusions of a great American student of the evolution of brains and of behaviour. Professor Herrick is one of the world's most distinguished neuroanatomists. His original work in this field, and his reflections upon its functional significance, his broad knowledge of the relevant work of other scientists, and his own clearsightedness, have enabled him to produce this volume which, I venture to say, will establish itself as a minor classic. Every psychologist, neurologist, psychiatrist, sociologist, anthropologist, and physiologist will want to read it (whether all of them will, is another matter), and the educated general reader will greatly benefit from reading this excellent work. As an anatomist and anthropologist interested in human behaviour, I can vouch for the accuracy and the great value of this volume. I found it *most* interesting and refreshing reading, and of course it is highly informative and contains an abundance of original insights and fundamental contributions to our understanding of human behaviour. In addition to all this the book is written in a highly readable style for so complex a subject. Its publication will render a great service to science and the humanities."

C. Judson Herrick is Professor Emeritus of Neurology at the University of Chicago; he is the author of seven important books and hundreds of scientific articles.

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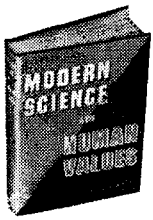

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novel of ideas in which the elements of creative fiction, subtly realized characters and a story of sustained interest, have not been omitted to make room for the ideas. The quest for ethical truth and the good life is superbly dramatized in the lives of a brilliantly portrayed group of characters and in a series of luminous dialogues about religion and philosophy, reality and illusion, value and purpose, the self and God. A noble and great book, *The Root and the Flower* is also a masterpiece of urbanity, wit and beautiful writing.

ORVILLE PRESCOTT

People who "hasten to destruction as if it were salvation"—quoted from the *Clementine Recognitions*, perhaps twenty centuries old, although it applies to our supposedly misguided twentieth-century selves—make up the dubious characters in *The Recognitions*, a novel by William Gaddis (Harcourt, Brace, 1955). A fierce challenge to our standards, it tells of values forged and counterfeited; if it is not true, it is filled with the intimations of truthfulness found in enduring work. A highly readable story and brilliant writing are combined with extraordinary erudition and a scathing dissection of society. The disparity between the worth of *The Recognitions* and, if the word is allowable, the spectacularly little recognition it received is enough by itself to make it a marked book in this quarter-century.

W. G. ROGERS

Seven years ago came publication of *From Day to Day* by Odd Nansen (Putnam, 1949), an epic narrative of life in Nazi concentration camps. The dust jacket said: "This diary of the author's years in Nazi bondage takes its place among the great affirmations of the power of the human spirit to rise above terror, torture, and death." Memories, recollections in after days—not here—the text written from day to day and smuggled out in segments.

CARL SANDBURG

Aldo Leopold wrote *A Sand County Almanac and Sketches Here and There* in

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1948 (Oxford University Press, 1949). That year he died, fighting a marsh fire near his cabin. In 1953, *Round River* was edited from his journals by his son, the geologist Luna Leopold (Oxford University Press, 1953).

Read what F. Fraser Darling, the British naturalist, has to say in his *Pelican in the Wilderness* (Random House, 1956) of Aldo Leopold, then judge for yourself whether you have missed anything by not reading these beautiful little books.

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PAUL B. SEARS

I congratulate you on the idea which you have hit upon for the anniversary issue of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR. It is, in my opinion, a serious matter that American book publishers treat their books as journalism and cease to be interested in them after the initial sales. This is not the case in Great Britain. So your idea of bringing back to our attention books that have been worth while but have been lost sight of seems to me a splendid one.

You say that the book chosen need not be "the *one*." Of course if that were asked of the contributor it would be a difficult request to comply with. The one that I have chosen is Grover Clark's *The Great Wall Crumbles* (Macmillan, 1935), a scholarly and thoughtful analysis of the history of China and the way in which it had to be interpreted to understand what was happening in the early 1930's. Like most of my own books, it is out of print.

JAMES T. SHOTWELL

The most undeservedly neglected book of the past quarter of a century? Frankly, I don't know. Many should have been read more widely; but in every instance, probing indicates that the critics did nobly by them.

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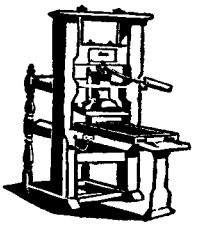
The Printer's Devil Who Became the Editor of the Atlantic



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Thus people should undoubtedly be going about quoting Robert Lowell, but that they do not do so is hardly attributable to a dearth of encouragement. And therefore, after more reflection than this paragraph can possibly indicate, I have decided to propose a book which comes to us in translation—*Force and Freedom: Reflections on History* by Jacob Burckhardt (Pantheon, 1943). In this case only the English version is less than twenty-five years old. The original had its genesis almost a hundred years ago. But it is one of the great books of the century, and I hope many will read it.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER

The Captive Mind by Czeslaw Milosz (Knopf, 1953) elicited only a gentle moan in American intellectual circles when it appeared, yet it studied with deep wisdom and illuminated with penetrating poetic insight one of the central problems of our age—the extraordinarily successful attempt to subdue the free artistic spirit to the pseudoscientific method of dialectical materialism. Milosz brilliantly analyzes the ruthless yet often subtle means by which this end is achieved, as well as the courageous efforts of some to preserve a modicum of artistic independence and still continue to exist. Further, he justly criticizes the rational attempts to oppose this enslavement of the arts which have been made by Western intellectuals who fail to realize that one does not defeat a messiah with commonsense arguments.

ERNEST J. SIMMONS

It is time that Siegfried Sassoon's autobiography in several volumes—some of it republished under the title of *The Memoirs of George Sherston* (Doubleday, 1937) —was acknowledged as the masterpiece of English prose it is. But it is as quiet and full of sunny humor as a water color by Constable; that may explain why it has not attracted the attention given to the usual trumpet blast. In Sassoon's pages one sees the home, and the English countryside about it, both vanished, of the leisured folk that were before the First World War; all

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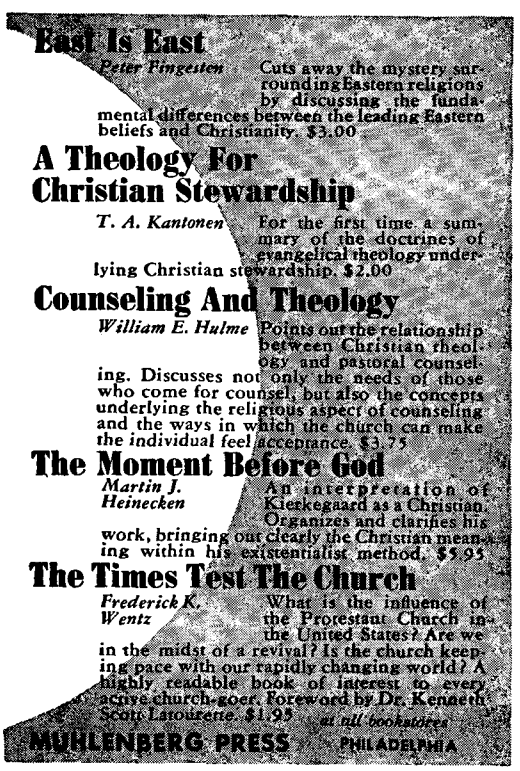

gone, but preserved by Sassoon in his reminiscences. What he has to say, as an infantry officer, of the forgotten battlegrounds of Flanders and Picardy, should make this generation sit up and take notice.

H. M. TOMLINSON

Martin Schütze was professor of German at the University of Chicago; he was a man of great learning, yet he was even more notable for the vivacity and sensitivity of his critical intellect. In 1933 he published a book called *Academic Illusions in the Field of Letters and the Arts* (University of Chicago), a critical investigation of the methods of scholarship in the humanities which prevailed in the graduate schools of the day, and which do still prevail, although less rigorously. It begins with an exposition of the metaphysical theories on which modern scholarship is founded. It ends with a detailed plan for the graduate training of young scholars which Schütze believed to be appropriate to the humanities.

The book received but little attention. I wrote an awkward, inadequate notice of it in (I think) *The Modern Review*; John Dewey, a friend of Schütze's, reviewed it at length in *The New Republic*. I have never met anyone who has read *Academic Illusions*, not even university people who undertook to stand out against the same intellectual errors that Schütze tried to correct. The book is now out of print, and hard to come by. It still seems to me that Schütze's plan for graduate study in the humanities is the most intelligent I have ever come across, and entirely feasible.

LIONEL TRILLING

The passionate humanity and technical ability in the writing make James Agee and Walker Evans' book, *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* (Houghton Mifflin, 1941), even without the pictures, one of the most critically neglected books published during the past quarter of a century. The excoriating irony of the title marks it as the work of young men. Let us dare to vaunt our claims to fame alongside those defeated and puzzled but valorous lives of the men, women

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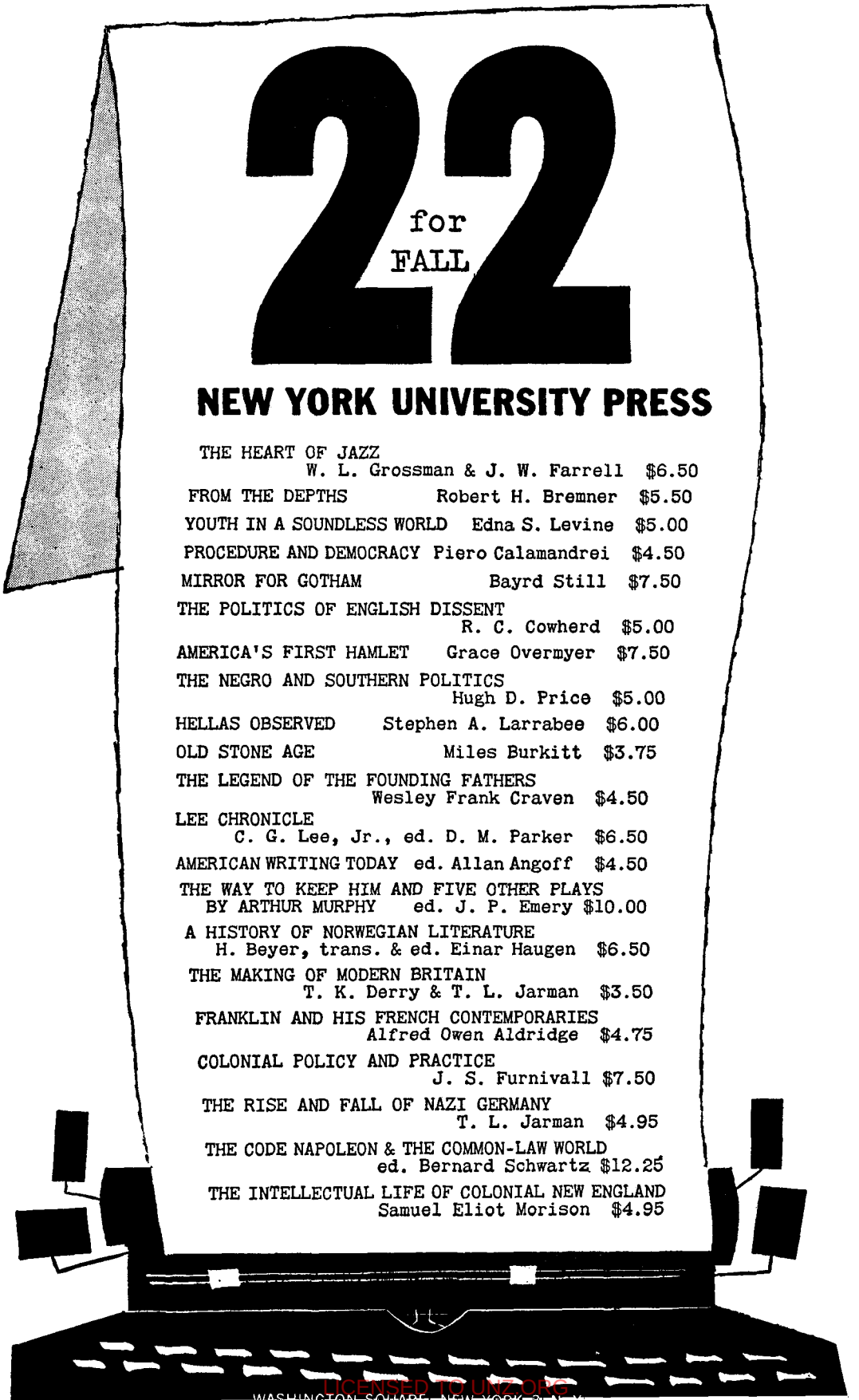

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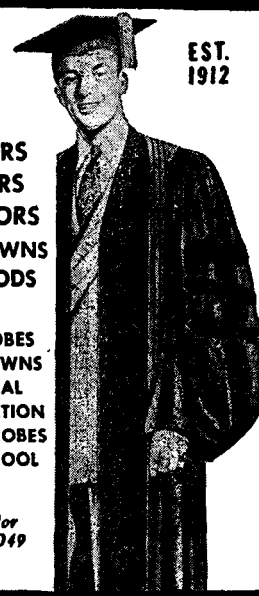

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and even children of the South during those Depression years. It is a spiritual courage which in the eyes of the young authors, particularly Agee, transfigured these people and carried them on to survival across barriers which were enough to wipe out a race. They showed a tenacity of initiative that must be an inspiration to the entire nation. The humorous patience of the colored, the high dignity and sense of their own importance of the poor whites, and their women living as they could—women often ethereally beautiful in their girlhood, a beauty soon blasted. The men died of tuberculosis, of cancer, easily cured in the early stages; but the women, tall and with serene eyes, had their children on some bare bed and maybe died of it; they knew they were doomed and wept bitter tears in the night. Toothless, breastless, their cheeks fallen in, the strange beauty of wild flowers with which their childhood was filled, gone.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

FAVORITE BOOKS OF PUBLISHERS AND EDITORS

The publishing enterprise of which I am most proud cannot be limited to a single book since it involves a whole series: namely, the Yale Editions of the Private Papers of James Boswell. It was my good fortune to be chosen by the late Colonel Ralph H. Isham, who discovered the papers and brought them out of hiding places where they had lain forgotten for a century and a half, to arrange the sale of his tremendous Boswell collection to a university. After almost a year's negotiation, this was accomplished and the papers were acquired by Yale. In the process, all the publishing rights were granted to McGraw-Hill. The arrangements set up at that time have worked perfectly and have already produced five volumes, beginning with *Boswell's London Journal* in 1950, with a sixth, *Boswell in Search of a Wife*, scheduled for publication in the autumn of 1956. Beyond that, plans have been made for the publication of other selected volumes of general or popular interest and for the eventual publication of all the Boswell Papers in a com-

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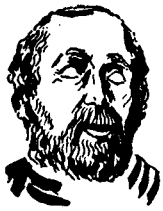

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EDWARD C. ASWELL
Doubleday & Company

There are a number of books which I am very proud to have published; but the publishing achievement which has meant the most to me is the publication of Anchor Books which began with Stendhal's *The Charterhouse of Parma*. The publication of this series has been genuinely appreciated, and I am proud indeed to be the publisher.

DOUGLAS M. BLACK
Doubleday & Company

I would choose *The Ides of March* by Thornton Wilder as the book which I personally have been proudest to publish. I regard this novel as the most subtle and vivid re-creation of a period and its leading characters in modern fiction. It was published in 1948.

CASS CANFIELD
Harper & Brothers

I am proud of a great many books that we published here under the Random House imprint—and thoroughly ashamed of plenty of others—but I don't think we will ever enjoy another day quite so much as the one on which we first published James Joyce's *Ulysses* for the American market. In the first place, this meant that

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one of the classics of modern literature henceforth could be sold openly in the bookstores and not bootlegged shamefully from under the counter. In the second place, it meant that for the first time the author was going to receive a decent royalty for his book—and I happened to know that he needed the money. In the third place, our fight to legalize *Ulysses*, waged so skillfully by Attorney Morris Ernst, did much to clear the previous confusion about just what constituted an "obscene" book in America. We thought that Judge Woolsey's decision in the case was so noteworthy that we have included it in every one of the 200,000-odd copies of *Ulysses* that we have sold since the day he gave it. Finally—and from my own selfish viewpoint, most important of all—the publication of *Ulysses* gave a new importance to the Random House imprint and established for us in one stroke a reputation we have striven to maintain ever since.

BENNETT CERF
Random House

My choice is a personal one—Edwin Way Teale's *North with the Spring*. While not as literarily immortal as Shaw's plays, nor as refulgent as Churchill's *History of the English-Speaking Peoples*, Teale's great nature journey is the culmination of a long, intimate association with an author who has become a well-loved member of the Dodd, Mead family. I believe this book will rank, in time, with Thoreau and Audubon. Moreover, I like wild flowers and trees.

EDWARD H. DODD, JR.
Dodd, Mead & Company

When I thought over a long publishing career, the book that came to mind from both the head and the heart was *John Brown's Body* by Stephen Vincent Benét. Somewhat to my surprise I discovered that it was published more than twenty-five years ago; so the book I would like to mention, published by our present firm, was *Christ Stopped at Eboli* by Carlo Levi, translated from the Italian by Frances Frenaye.

JOHN FARRAR
Farrar, Straus and Cudahy

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I take pride in having published *Finnegans Wake*, not that it is dearer to me than some other books of our past twenty-five years, but because it rounded out a program which began with my introduction of James Joyce to the American public in 1916.

B. W. HUEBSCH
Viking Press

Perhaps the book which Bob McGregor and I are the most proud of having published at New Directions was a volume of poems by a young and still, I am afraid, unknown poet. I think it has sold about 400 copies to date, and the reviewers didn't exactly go into ecstasies. But I don't think we were wrong about the book or the poet. The world hasn't taken notice of him yet, but one day it will; and meanwhile, when ever I reread certain of his poems I get that feeling, almost a physical stimulation, which only the real thing can produce, and which must surely be, I suppose, the incentive for the kind of publishing we want to do at New Directions.

JAMES LAUGHLIN
New Directions

The ingenious question put by your editorial board reminds me of the story of the theological student. When unexpectedly asked in an exam to name the Major and Minor Prophets, he wrote: "Far be it from me to draw an invidious distinction between these holy men of old. The following is a list of the kings of Israel."

Reviewing the past twenty-five years has been an agreeable experience, and I thank you for the occasion for doing it, but we do not feel inclined to pick a favorite.

DENVER LINDLEY
Harcourt, Brace and Company

While we would find it impossible to cite *the* book of which we at Norton are proudest, there is no book which commands greater publishing pride on our part than Edith Hamilton's *The Greek Way*, which appeared a quarter-century ago. Here was a first book by one of America's richest and liveliest minds, written when the author was sixty years of age, and now in its eighteenth printing—as fresh as the day it was written, a notable and remarkable achievement. I might add that Miss Hamilton has just completed a companion volume, *The Echo of Greece*, which will appear early next year.

STORER LUNT
W. W. Norton & Company

In a generation which has included for us twelve Pulitzer Prizes, three National Book Awards, two Newbery Medals, two Caldecott Awards, three Carey-Thomas Awards, and one Nobel Prize, we are proudest of having published a book which won none of these distinctions and deserved none—*Mein Kampf* by Adolf Hitler, which we feel played a not inconsiderable part in warning the English-speaking world of the nature of a dangerous and degrading megalomania.

LOVELL THOMPSON
Houghton Mifflin Company

I still consider the first book published by Pantheon in this country, Charles Péguy's *Basic Verities*, the publishing contribution that gives me the greatest satisfaction, as it introduced for the first time a seminal thinker to the English-speaking world.

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The Reader Replies . . . . . .

*In the best tradition of man thinking—and speaking up—*THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR *has always set aside space in which its readers may applaud, protest and challenge the contents of the magazine.*

The observance of our twenty-fifth anniversary seems to us to be an occasion on which to turn to a group of long-time subscribers for a statement of appraisal, an inventory drawn from their insight, knowledge of the changes in the SCHOLAR *through the years, impressions of articles to which they have reacted strongly (favorably or unfavorably), and their resultant ideas concerning the future of the magazine.*

In asking for these statements, we said: "Please note that we are not asking for a testimonial. We wish to have your candid appraisal." The response was gratifying, and we deeply regret our inability to print all replies.

If the period of publication being appraised were a shorter one, we would be somewhat embarrassed to print the letters which follow. However, surveying as they do twenty-five years of trial, error and success, we see them as a warm tribute to the countless men and women, well known and little known alike, who have believed in and worked toward a presentation of their common purpose: to entertain and to represent man thinking.

—THE EDITORS

So many college graduates look upon graduation from college as the end of their educational process instead of regarding it as a preparation for and commencement of a lifetime of learning. I have subscribed to THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR from its first issue. It has been invaluable to me in continuing my educational process and in keeping me appraised of current cultural and educational developments. It has served also as a stimulus for delving further into many of the subjects discussed therein. To me it has been almost as important as my years at college, and I look forward eagerly to each succeeding issue for the information and pleasure that I know I will derive from it.

MAXWELL ABBELL
Chicago, Illinois

* * *

Some thirty years ago I received my doctor's degree in economics from one of the oldest and most famous of European universities. The chairman of my doctoral committee was not only a great scholar, but also a truly wise counselor and friend.

On my return to this country, I began sending him American magazines to which I subscribed. THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, from its first issue down to the most recent, has gone to him regularly. Although now an elderly man and professor emeritus, he still makes available to the students of the university the magazines which I forward to him, and among them THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR holds a place of honor.

A few years ago, I was instrumental in persuading a local organization of which I am a member to send American magazines overseas. They go to American libraries serving the people of two European countries and to the libraries of some half-dozen American colleges and universities in Europe and the Near East. THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR is one of the magazines most particularly requested by these organizations.

From extended personal experience overseas, I know that more and more the hallmark of the educated person in non-English-speaking countries is an ability at least to read English. To most of such people who have ever had the opportunity to see a copy of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, it represents the best of American civilization and culture. It is one of the most effective ambassadors which we can send overseas because it is the outward and visible sign of the American scholar, of man thinking.

PAUL M. ATKINS
Upper Montclair, New Jersey

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Of course, I do not pretend to have read every article in every issue of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, although, over the years since the first issue, I have read many of them from cover to cover. For thirty-six years I have been in the active practice of law. The world is very much with us in my profession, perhaps too much. Law deals essentially with human relationships, but all too often upon materialistic and even sordid bases.

Man thinking? What about? It may be his business to think twenty-four hours a day. Is he then a "scholar" in the Emersonian sense? Surely not if he thinks only of material things, scheming to help the money-changers in the temple amass more gold just to cast it into a golden calf.

I have liked the catholicity of your articles. They have opened valued vistas of thought and imagination I otherwise would have missed. They have brought information and have nurtured wisdom.

How have they done this? True, they have helped us to think, to pause and to ponder. But they have done more. They have strengthened easy-to-lose convictions that the dollar sign is a very poor standard of value indeed. They have helped us to preserve some sense of perspective. They have pointed to things that are pure, that are true, that are of good repute; to things of the spirit and of the intellect, to higher values that if man loses, he loses his soul.

From its very beginning THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR has contributed much to the enrichment of American culture, and has continued consistently to do so.

LEAVITT R. BARKER
Minneapolis, Minnesota

* * *

The quarterly arrival of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR for the past ten years or so has always been an anticipated and pleasurable event. About two-thirds of the issues have survived my giving them to friends or carrying them to school with me. As I look through these back issues I confirm my memory of the great diversity of subject matter and of points of view of the writers. Anyone with something significant to say may say it in his own way. The common denominator has been the general excellence of the writing and the high degree of interest to the reader.

A comparison of the Winter, 1955-56 issue, devoted to "The Human Situation Today," with its sober discussions by Reinhold Niebuhr, Max Lerner and Erich Fromm, and the Summer, 1956 issue, with its graceful essays by John Tyler Bonner and Leo Gurko, shows the typical range of tone and subject matter of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR. And I await with interest the replies to Father Weigel's description of the ramshackle character of the Protestant theological edifice.

DOROTHY BLAIR
Vancouver, Washington

* * *

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR is the most important periodical that I receive. No other is so satisfactory in intellectual approach to the life of the mind. I have particularly enjoyed the articles that offer critiques of our "American way of life," that almost empty expression which is so frequently used without definition until it stretches from "gadgetry glorified" to semipuritanical fascism.

I should much like to see some articles comparing U.S.A. and U.S.S.R. propaganda. I have a definite feeling that between our intransigeance and theirs, there is little to choose—except, of course, "all right thinking people," depending on which side of the fence they found themselves at the moment, could rationalize a moral decision for their side of choice.

This may sound highly cynical, but I for one have lived long enough to feel pretty sure that group morality is the result of propaganda, not of massed individual choice.

Good luck to the SCHOLAR and many happy returns.

H. W. CHALKLEY
Bethesda, Maryland

* * *

Twenty-five years ago, when I was treasurer of the Theta of Massachusetts chapter of Phi Beta Kappa, Mr. Shimer came on a

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visit from the national organization. At the time I was feeling dubious about the values represented by Phi Beta Kappa, but Mr. Shimer's evident faith and enthusiasm persuaded me that these values must be, in the long run, good. He also interested me in a new magazine, THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR.

As the years have gone by I've subscribed to and de-subscribed from a number of magazines, but when the renewal time came for THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR I always felt, even in the lean years, that it was worth while to keep on with it. The articles are levelheaded, yet interesting. Some of the poetry is intelligible. For the last sixteen years I have been working in the Hopwood Room at the University of Michigan where students interested in writing come to look through the current quarterlies. My copy of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, after I have read it at home, goes on the Hopwood Room table, where it is available to a wider public. Some of the students read it; some have even grown up and become contributors.

And so with all sincerity I congratulate THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR on its twenty-five years of participation in American letters, and hope it may long continue.

MARY E. COOLEY
Ann Arbor, Michigan

* * *

Although I have been a subscriber to THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR since the first issue, several long-distance moves have resulted in the loss of most of the issues. I now regret very much that my files are not complete. A short letter cannot do justice to the variety and interest of the articles that have appeared.

As an engineer, I remember articles by J. A. L. Waddell and D. B. Steinman in earlier issues; also, the article by Paul R. Heyl on "Weighing the Earth" and "On Einstein's New Theory" by Leopold Infeld.

As one who has a strong belief in the value of a liberal education, I found the series on "The Function of the Liberal Arts College in a Democratic Society" of interest; also, "Freedom and the Liberal Arts" by Wendell L. Willkie, and "Liberal Education and a Liberal Nation" by Arthur E. Bestor, Jr.

I have found it necessary to be accurate and clear in the preparation of letters, memorandums, and engineering reports, and have spent a considerable amount of time endeavoring to teach accurate and grammatical written expression to many young engineers. For these reasons, I was interested in the article "Snobs, Slobs and the English Language" by Donald J. Lloyd. I was strongly tempted to write a reply to this article, because I do not agree with the school of thought presented by Mr. Lloyd.

As a firm believer in the civil freedoms represented by the Bill of Rights, articles that have interested me are: "Force and Freedom" by Ernst Cassirer; "The Value of Freedom" by Karl W. Deutsch; "Security and Liberty" by Laurence Sears; "If Anybody Wants to Know" by Mark Van Doren; "We're Selling America Short" by Bradford Smith; and "Liberalism" by Hubert H. Humphrey.

As one who believes in the need of religion and the necessity for the application of the principles of Christianity, I was interested in "The Growth of Christianity" by Kenneth Scott Latourette and in the series of articles starting with "The Need for Religion and its Truth" by Raphael Demos.

Some of the other articles that have particularly interested me have been "Mass Media and the Engineering of Consent" by Joseph T. Klapper; "The Importance of the Educated" by DeLancey Ferguson; "Brains and Calculating Machines" by John E. Pfeiffer; "The Shock of Aging" by Martin Gumpert; "Scotland and the Scots" by William Croft Dickinson; and "Life as the Guide of Philosophy" by Roscoe Pound.

It is my opinion that THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR has published such a wide variety of interesting articles that every reader is very likely to find something of interest to him in the various issues.

THEODORE F. DOLL
Chicago, Illinois

* * *

As I look at Volume I, Number 1, of the SCHOLAR on my bookshelves in this

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twenty-fifth year of publication, I ask myself why I have continued to read this quarterly through the years. I believe the answer is that I have greatly enjoyed knowing what is being thought and written by mature and educated minds, regardless of the subject. I like the diversity of the material and viewpoints and the usual candor of expression. Of course, I do not always agree with what I read, but that is to be expected.

It is refreshing and stimulating to receive periodically a collection of ideas which may range through the entire realm of human knowledge. The fact that the subject matter is not pointed to a particular field, such as politics, law, business or current events, like so many publications, commends the quarterly to one who is intensively engaged in a limited field. It is indeed helpful in endeavoring to avoid a narrowness and rigidity of viewpoint.

Neither time nor space permits much reference to articles, but I have especially enjoyed "Liberal Education and a Liberal Nation," by Arthur E. Bestor, Jr., in the Spring, 1952 issue, and I like to see THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR "take stock" from time to time with respect to such questions as "The Human Situation Today," in the Winter, 1955-56 number. I delight in "If You Don't Mind My Saying So" by Joseph Wood Krutch. The "Forum" and "The Revolving Bookstand" are always sources of interest.

I think the course that has been charted in the first quarter-century is true; I trust the ship will remain on course.

ALTON G. HALL
Springfield, Illinois

* * *

I doubt whether any comments I might make would be sufficiently profound to be of any assistance. I have read only occasional articles in late years, and my recollection of those which I did read in their entirety goes back so many years that I am afraid that my memory would play me tricks if I tried to speak from that memory.

I could say that I have a distinct recollection that in its early stages, the magazine appeared to be on an extremely high academic level but was made up primarily of speeches or papers that the contributors had delivered here, there and elsewhere under scholastic auspices and which were not written particularly for the SCHOLAR. It is now obvious that most, if not all, of the articles which appear in the SCHOLAR are prepared for it and that a conscious attempt has been made to diversify the material to interest the general reader.

While I presume a large proportion of Phi Beta Kappa members are engaged in the scholastic field, there must be a considerable number, like myself, who have been actively engaged in business during our working lives. While I do find articles of interest in the SCHOLAR, I feel that more could be done to broaden it to interest our members who are no longer living and working in ivory towers.

I am not suggesting that its level be lowered to the tone of a pulp magazine, but I do find some difficulty in reading through some of the articles which are written on a high scholarly level but in a patois or jargon that is intelligible only to those who still labor in academic halls. I do think that it is a splendid magazine and tremendous progress has been made since Bill Shimer and his little group started it twenty-five years ago, and that a tremendous amount of credit is due to those of you who have labored so long and faithfully to make it the polished product that it now is.

RUSSELL Z. JOHNSTON
West Hartford, Connecticut

* * *

Thank you for your invitation to participate in the twenty-fifth anniversary issue of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR. I have read THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR from the publication of the first number and have followed its editorial policies with interest, although not always with complete agreement.

The earlier numbers were almost invariably informative, substantial and scholarly. Many articles were at a level appropriate to the journals of their respective disciplines and still entirely intelligible to the general reader. The old green-cover days set a very high standard of excellence.

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During the war years it seemed to me that the SCHOLAR became socially oriented in increasing measure at the expense of scholarship. Perhaps it was an inevitable response to the state of the times and so served to document the period. It tended to become a journal of opinion rather than of scholarly reflection, and many times I found myself in disagreement with both the policy and the opinions. This state persisted through much of the pink-cover era.

The latest phase of the saffron and gray covers strikes a tone reminiscent of the earlier days. There seems to be an increasing number of thoughtful articles in literary criticism, intellectual history and political theory that do not merely skim the surface but are based on philosophic principles.

Substance without heaviness and altitude with balance are difficult goals but worth while. And above all, let us cling to enlightened, humane scholarship and leave the uncertain vagrant currents of transient opinion to their appropriate journals. If we do not hold fast to scholarly endeavor, who will?

FLOYD SEYWARD LEAR
Rice Institute
Houston, Texas

* * *

From those of us who have read every article in ninety-eight issues of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR and are well into the ninety-ninth you perhaps should not expect objective criticism. Who wants an old friend to change? We ask no more than that the SCHOLAR continue in the way it has come. Keep its range of interests broad. Continue to prod us into thinking by presenting so many opposing views impartially. Keep the remarkable combination of competent scholarship and good writing, and keep us laymen as its target. Even keep the features that cost us most—book ads and reviews.

Looking through back numbers in an effort to discriminate, we seem to value most some of the articles in the general field of religion—by Shailer Mathews, Albright and Shuster, for example. Literature and education have been ably handled, as we should expect. Disappointments have come more often where perhaps we need help most. In describing and evaluating the advances in science and technology, writers have a difficult course to steer between popularization and waters beyond our depth.

RALPH H. LEWIS
Washington, D. C.

* * *

It is a pleasure to salute THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR on its silver anniversary. Surely the years of its existence have been golden ones for its readers! Having been a subscriber ever since the opening number, I feel that I have been richly rewarded by a publication which has displayed consistent intellectual vitality. Being ever alert to the significant currents of literary, social and political thinking in a rapidly changing quarter-century, THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR has avoided all stagnation.

Unquestionably it has continued to live close to the informing ideal of intellectual independence asserted in its opening article so long ago. I know of no other journal in this country which has unfailingly published materials so stimulating, so excellent and so varied during a period of equal length.

I hope to be reading THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR for the next twenty-five years!

MIRIAM LOCKE
University of Alabama
University, Alabama

* * *

After teaching for eighteen years, I am now engaged in caring for my mother, running a 278 acre farm, dabbling in real estate, remodeling eighty-year-old houses, designing my clothes, learning about kittens, and skimming or reading six daily papers, three weeklies, and about eighty magazines. Into this melange, I can truthfully say, THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR brings a reminder of scholarship, a depth of thought, an accent on the unusual, a clarification of ideas. I appreciate the opportunity of looking into the minds of scholars—an opportunity given only by THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR.

GEORGINE B. MCDONALD
Hindsboro, Illinois

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I have read THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR with great interest ever since it first appeared twenty-five years ago. This does not mean that I have read all the articles in any one issue, or that I have always given sufficiently thorough attention to any one article to squeeze all the mental juice out of it. My many duties as a secondary-school administrator have precluded this. I have saved many of these copies of recent years to read and study again now that I am about to retire.

To be well educated, one should know a good deal about most of the pressing human and scientific problems of today. One also needs an occasional trip down a side-road of learning far from the main-traveled highways of human endeavor. THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR fills both of these needs.

What impresses me is the uniqueness of the points of view taken in many of these articles. These are sometimes at considerable variance with prevailing philosophies, or schools of thought, as revealed in certain college textbooks, for example. All of this is refreshing and challenging. It makes for a flexibility of the mental processes, and an open-mindedness which should keep some of your older readers younger in their mental outlook.

This feature is even more apparent when one considers the discussion of the *same* general topic by several different experts. An example of this is found in the discussions by various writers of "The Human Situation Today" in last winter's issue. The many different points of view expressed there are an indication of how complex and baffling our world is, and how subjective are the views of the authorities, each of whom has his particular background of training and experience. This is emphasized even more when we read the rejoinders to many of these articles by other persons which appeared in a subsequent issue of the SCHOLAR.

All of this points up the truth stated long ago by Professor R. D. Carmichael: "The universe, as known to us, is a joint phenomenon of the observer and observed." We recognize the necessary perspective implied in the fact that we are dealing with many-valued truth systems. In a world of controversy, we can at best arrive at a balanced judgment by considering all aspects of a problem. The SCHOLAR helps to supply the basis for such judgments.

I have been greatly stimulated by these and many other features of your publication. Not the least of these is the inclusion of many fine pieces of poetry in each issue.

L. E. MENSENKAMP
Freeport, Illinois

* * *

I have always felt that the Reader Replies department should be reserved for criticisms having the validity of disciplined scholarship; nevertheless, if I may apply to a magazine and its readers the lines from Diana Chang's poem (Winter, 1955-56 issue), "A man stands like a country / Clarified by different weathers," perhaps I can justify expressing my reactions.

As a teacher of senior high school and junior college mathematics, striving toward top-level thinking on the part of students and teacher, I have found in THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR the benefits ascribed by Cicero to poetry: a source of refreshment from the noise of the forum of twentieth-century living, and a source of ideas whereby I may prick myself and my students to a measure of independent thinking.

Many ideas I have appropriated without labeling, and from the many articles underscored in my thinking I can mention only a few. "The Humanity of Mathematics" by Cassius J. Keyser (Spring, 1933) intensified the challenge to make mathematics vital to young women who have no scientific or technical interest in it. My rewarding acquaintance with Reinhold Niebuhr's theology began with these lines from "The Churches in Germany" (Summer, 1934): ". . . that the Christian religion may become again a fortress of man's inner life against the absolutism of any society or state which seeks to identify his loyalty to the absolute with the social values which it has declared to be absolute." "The Essence of Judaism" by Hans Kohn (Spring, 1934) remains for me a thought-provoking retreat.

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His discussion of the "logos" throws light on what has been a lifelong puzzle for me.

More recently, Dr. Shuster's discussion of the cult of "romantic love," so baffling and distressing to the teacher of adolescents, and the editor's expression of "the best hope of society" (Winter, 1955-56) made it possible for me to terminate my year's work with a graduating class of high-school girls with a message of hope and challenge.

"For people and places live brightest / As voyages on a growing theme." Borrowing again from Diana Chang, I can best express my feeling about twenty-five years of reading THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR by saying its contributions have been channel markers on my personal voyage.

MRS. D. L. METTS
Sullins College
Bristol, Virginia

* * *

During the past twenty-five years THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR has filled a much needed void in that there has been developed a journal which has been consistent in presenting selected, interesting material of superior quality by the pre-eminent thinkers of our times.

Congratulations on the success of the first quarter-century, and best wishes in the years to come.

JOHN M. PRESSON
Girard College
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

* * *

Ever since the publication of the first number of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR I have found this quarterly so generally stimulating, though sometimes beyond me, that I have not wanted to be without it. To list the articles that have impressed me the most will reveal more about me, however, than about the SCHOLAR. How heartening were the proposals for peaceful substitutes for war, including the suggestion for widespread efforts to preserve regional differences. What a feeling of discovery was mine as I followed the informative tracing of the role of vitamins in the body. With what wistfulness I longed to have myself written the description of the changing seasons, as viewed from the author's great window, in terms of forms of art. You, too, must remember that snow scene. And how we laughed, appreciative friends and I, over a particular satire; could it have been about McCarthy?

The continuing emphasis on the need for the training of the intellect is what pleases me the most about THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR. There is no short cut to competence in dealing with today's problems.

As for changes, if the lovely poems in the Summer, 1956 issue foreshadow others like them, I rejoice.

ALMA H. PRUCHA
Pilgrim, Michigan

* * *

The editors must have been serenely confident of not setting off an embarrassing chain reaction when they invited some subscribers to review the past, evaluate the present and pinpoint the future. All in all, why should they not feel confident, for were they to receive replies loaded with harshly critical TNT, suppression would be as easy as closing a window to avoid a chilling draft. The fact that for many years I have been a reader of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR is no warrant that I have approved with gusto each and every article, for the plain truth is that on several occasions I have erupted violently, particularly *in re* verse selections that were exasperatingly obfuscating. Our greatest poetry, while not always easily intelligible, certainly is not intentionally puzzling, so while the editorial staff of *any* distinguished magazine should choose "to keep up with the Joneses," instead of having the courage to refuse recognition to a writer whose penchant is eccentricity, novelty or obscurity, is not inexplicable—but, by and large, regrettable. THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR has not been a consistent "sinner" in this respect, but occasionally its pages have featured ultramodernistic verse that would have merited the scorn of a great poet. Through the years I have been pleased to note that the editors have had the good sense to avoid the morasses of partisan politics, the sloughs of pet theories and the quicksands of passing fads. There has been a fair balance between the work of well-

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known and of little-known writers; likewise an avoidance of ruts by pleasing diversification of themes. While the editorial objective has not been the status-attainment of a pure "literary magazine," I have regretted that more articles by such distinguished critics as Van Wyck Brooks, Edmund Wilson, Lionel Trilling, *et al.*, have not been in evidence. Truthfully I cannot say that I've looked forward to the coming of each issue as a hungry man anticipates the savoriness of a banquet; still, on the basis of past performance, I feel assured that each future number of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR will represent the sincere, conscientious effort of the editors to give its cultured clientele a richly varied assortment of timely articles.

LABAN LACY RICE
Orlando, Florida

* * *

As one of the most persistent subscribers to THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, I join in the chorus of congratulations on the quarterly's twenty-fifth birthday.

When I first subscribed to the SCHOLAR twenty-five years ago, I was motivated by a desire to support any sincere attempt to protect intellectualism and the liberal arts. I was skeptical of accomplishment. I expected to find too many essays of specialized scholarship, too erudite for the layman to comprehend. It is a remarkable achievement, I think, that the contributors of that sort have been relatively few. There is still plenty of meat for those of us who are unequal to the rarefied thinking of systematic philosophy.

The adherence of the SCHOLAR to moderate liberalism without closing its pages to dissenting attitudes has been admirable. The SCHOLAR is a wholesome stabilizer for those of us who swing to right or left in our other periodical reading.

It would be absurd to claim an evenness of quality for the magazine through the years. From time to time it has been dominated by one strong individual or another; the personality of its leadership has shone through its pages. That unevenness is one of its great charms.

Journalistically, the staff is to be congratulated on the adaptation of the "column" idea, in the writings of Edman and Krutch, to this kind of publication. The transcripts of panel discussions are another worth-while feature. And the regular use of verse compositions is gratifying to those of us who were trained in the tradition of expression as an art.

To many of us oldsters, the resistence to the tendency, in the face of rising paper costs, to reduce the type size has been a great kindness. The large, clear type, well leaded, on a soothingly tinted sheet, is a godsend to the visually handicapped.

And so, as you celebrate twenty-five years of publication and I complete a quarter-century as a subscriber, let us congratulate each other.

RUSSELL A. SHARP
Webster Groves, Missouri

* * *

I do not remember the announcement of the about-to-be-born AMERICAN SCHOLAR. But I subscribed at once because I wanted to support Phi Beta Kappa's new venture. Volume I, Number 1 arrived with its first page announcement of objectives: "A synthesis of the arts and sciences essential to liberal education . . . a whole diet for the whole mind." THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR promised to be a magazine I needed.

Now there are twenty-four (soon to be twenty-five) bound volumes in the center of my library where they are easily at hand for reference and rereading. They hold a record of the changing interests, concerns and understandings of thoughtful and sensitive minds from Paul Shorey's discussion of "American Loyalties" (Winter, 1931-32) to "Liberalism in the Fifties" by Granville Hicks (Summer, 1956).

My congratulations and sincere thanks to all the writers, editors, advisors, staff members and printers who have worked together to give us twenty-five years of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR. May it continue to prosper and to provide nourishment for "the whole mind" through many years to come.

MILDRED WELLBORN
Pasadena, California

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